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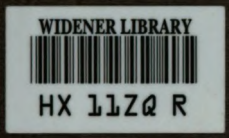

MEMORIALS

OF

A BELOVED FRIEND

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THE GIFT OF

SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, M.D.,

OF BOSTON.

(Class of 1851.)

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To - B B Atterbury

a farewell expression of regard

from

Mary's Brother.

Jany 18th 1840.

"When in devotion sweet you mingle
Cares and wants, with doubts and fears,
When at the throne of Grace you're bending,
Wetting Jesus' feet with tears,
Me to Jesus then commend,
Think upon your absent friend."

WL

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MEMORIALS

OF

A BELOVED FRIEND,

OR A BRIEF SKETCH OF

THE LIFE OF

MARY NAPIER LINCOLNE.

BY

ELIZABETH RITCHIE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

BY MRS. HENDERSON.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
JACKSON AND WALFORD,
18, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.
MDCCCXXXVIII.

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Dr. S. A. Green.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following Memoir of a beloved and departed friend, was compiled at the request of her dear parents, who were anxious that her example should be exhibited in a permanent form, to the imitation of the junior branches of their family. No thought was originally entertained of its publication, but since it has been completed, their earnest desire for its extended usefulness has led to its committal to the press.

Wrentham,
Jan. 8th, 1838.

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Should any profits arise from the sale of this little work, they will be appropriated to the liquidation of the debt on the Independent chapel, recently erected at Halesworth.

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

THE writer of this Memoir, in soliciting a few introductory remarks from the quarter to which she has applied, has suffered friendship to prevail over that worldly policy, which might have secured to her little volume the accompaniment of some name of note and influence with the public. In return, it may be confidently affirmed, that nothing but a reciprocal sentiment has overcome the many scruples, which, for the sake of advantage to this her first literary production, very powerfully prompted to the refusal of her request. No other plea or apology can be offered for the few preliminary observations which follow.

Biography is almost wholly employed in embalming the memory of statesmen, heroes, philosophers, and men of genius, who claim to be regarded as public benefactors and distinguished ornaments of mankind. Seldom does the hand of pure affection draw from it that homage, which private worth is too modest and retiring to demand for itself, however justly merited. It is doubtless befitting that those who have trodden "the high places of the earth," and whose exploits or discoveries have rendered them eminent in life, should be the subjects of a public record, embodying

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their character and actions, and handing them down to posterity as worthy of prolonged remembrance. Curiosity and sympathy combine to invest the life of a Hampden, a Gardiner, a Howard, a Davy, a Cowper, or any other man of celebrated name, with all the interest which the fame of his deeds, or the light of his genius, necessarily inspires, when united with the consciousness that his being on earth has ceased, and with it his labours for the public good. But if it is a fact, that the biographer seldom stoops from the elevation which attaches to the notice of noble rank or pre-eminent talent, it is no less certain, that his occasional walks in the vale of comparative privacy, are fruitful in benefits of a kind too valuable to be overlooked or despised.

The mass of mankind are not raised to the pinnacle of renown, or seated in the chair of science. They unavoidably sympathize with many things, which to them are purely *ideal*, when they trace the footsteps of some master-spirit, and enter into all the experiences of a life so totally different from their own. It is therefore wise to meet them in their own path, and to hold up to their view, such attainments in knowledge and virtue, as come within the scope of their personal emulation. In this point of view, the narrative of a young person of superior excellence, belonging to a highly respectable yet numerous class of society, shining by the influence of principles which all should possess, and sustaining relations such as others may equally adorn by an imitation of her graces, may well be esteemed a useful and valuable production. It is adapted to the friendly circle, to the family fire-side, to the homestead of domestic piety. It is not dazzling, but touching; not marvellous, but instructive; not tragic, but admonitory. It

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shows the influence of *early piety;* its actings in health, its growth in sickness, and its power in death.

Early piety, when the tone of feeling is healthy and vigorous, has a mighty power to sharpen the intellect, and develop all the faculties of the mind. It gives an impulse to the whole being; energizes every thought; and inspires a thirst for useful, more especially for Biblical knowledge, which pants for ever-fresh communications, and feeds and thrives on what it has acquired. Even in this secondary point of view, the value of religion to the young can never be sufficiently estimated. There is, however, a morbid kind of religious feeling, which is always craving after excitement, and which, in the absence of any event or occasion of stirring interest, evaporates into listlessness, leaving nothing but an indefinable sense of vacuity, for which no other remedy is sought than a dreamy lounge, or the poor indulgence of turning over, in supineness, the leaves of a book, which, it is hoped, may beguile the tedium of the soul. Far be it from us to say, that young persons, whose frequent experience is of this character, cannot be in a *safe* state as to the eternal world. They may be no strangers to "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," and in these principles they possess the elements of eternal life. But we hesitate not to affirm that they are in an unhappy and unprosperous state. Sickliness of mind is the cause of all those blighted, withering symptoms, which appear in their temper and actions. It is not in so far as they are truly pious, that they exhibit the species of mental inanity here referred to; on the contrary, it is in so far as the grand moving, impulsive, animating facts and doctrines of the gospel do *not* operate upon them, that the tone of their spirits is re-

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laxed and vitiated. They want to be acted upon from without; whereas the truth, as it is in Jesus, operates from above and from within:—*from above*, as it respects Divine influence; *from within*, as it regards the working of that holy principle which the grace of God implants in the renewed mind. This is a distinction too little regarded; but one of vast importance, as it affects the spiritual temperament of every young disciple. The example of Miss Mary Napier Lincolne, admirable as it is in this very particular, will fail of its effect, if the springs of her activity, her diligence, her unwearied love of study, and her longings after high attainments in the Christian life, are not seen and appreciated. Hers was a mind by no means wanting in sensibility to exciting circumstances: rather, it was the reverse; for she often expressed herself in terms little short of rapture, upon occasion of any pleasurable incident. But, mark the result.—She did not allow herself to sink into apathy, on the subsidence of every externally exciting cause; but derived from that fountain of holy energy, which was constantly springing up in her own breast, renewed motives to the pursuit of religion and literature; and these motives received a fresh impetus from every object that afforded her a passing gratification. Thus the alternations of life were made to act reciprocally and unitedly in the formation of her lovely character.

These observations are not made for the mere purpose of extolling an individual. The fact to which they advert is honourable indeed to her memory; but the design with which they are here introduced is, to show the difference between vigorous piety, and a languid, feeble exhibition of those principles, which are professed alike in both cases, though honoured

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only in the one. Should there be found among the readers of these pages any young lady, who feels conscious that her religion is of puny growth and fitful influence, it may be requisite, in addition to what has been said, that some hints should be suggested for her mental and spiritual improvement. Suppose then a question to this effect: "How can I avoid the *ennui* which so often creeps over me, and which palsies every desire and every effort for self-improvement and progress in holiness?" It is presumed, that to such an inquirer, we need scarcely insist on the necessity, above all other means, of humble, fervent *prayer* for Divine direction and aid. Grace to strive against every distempered inclination, and strong faith to invigorate the springs of action, must first be sought, where only they can be obtained. This being done, there must also be *personal effort;* and such effort should be made conscientiously and pursued *upon system.* Let a plan be drawn out, embracing the study of the Scriptures; the reading of history and other useful books; the writing of essays on the results of thought on any given subject, &c.; and let these mental efforts be diversified with occupations of a different nature, such as the visiting of the sick, the labours connected with some valuable institution, or works of domestic and tasteful industry—but always in such a way, that one shall succeed the other, without the vapid and lost interval of an hour, or half an hour, spent in *doing nothing.* By this means, the *habit* of application will be formed; and the habit is a great step towards the *love* of it. During such a process of training, with intent to fortify the mind and superinduce a healthy action of its powers, it is very possible that a renewed temptation may arise to feel and act as formerly. What is

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then to be done? Must I force myself to study, when inclination revolts from it? After so pleasing an interruption, and one in the highest sense lawful and right, can it be expected that I should return at once to a routine of occupation, in the fulfilment of which every feeling of satisfaction is for the present unhinged and destroyed? To do so may be difficult; and, in such a frame of spirit, will seem more difficult than it really is. But consider the alternative. What will be gained by yielding to mental lassitude and distraction? Assuredly nothing, but a certain relapse into the feverishness and misery of an ill-informed and ill-governed mind. Whereas, a determined adherence to the line of diligence, in acquiring religious and literary knowledge, would secure that solid and peaceful enjoyment which is connected with the pursuit of objects of real and permanent value. The experiment is worth a kingdom; nay, earthly crowns, the richest and most powerful, could never compensate for the neglect of it. "What a man soweth, that shall he also reap:" hence the inseparable connexion of early piety, in full and dominant action, constraining to the faithful use of time and every endowment, with the amount of final happiness in yonder blissful state, where he that shall have gained five talents will receive other five, and he that shall have gained ten talents shall receive other ten, in recompence of his self-denying zeal and devoted industry.

The faith of the Son of God has not alone the power to quicken the understanding and call into action the dormant functions of the mind—it possesses a further advantage in the capabilities of usefulness which it supplies. This circumstance is of no small moment in our estimate of the value of early piety. Youth is the season for laying in a store of principles, motives,

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and habits for personal use, and for the benefit of others. The spirit of the gospel suits the temperament of the young; it is active, generous, diffusive. A trust is committed to every one, old or young, who is made a partaker of the grace of God, and that trust involves the obligation to spread the knowledge of Christ and him crucified. But when an old man is converted, he has scarcely any means of being useful, owing to the state of mental decrepitude in which he is found, or to which he must soon be reduced by accumulated years. And when a man in middle life is arrested and impressed by the voice of Divine mercy, he is already so immersed in the business and cares of life, and has so much to learn of the elements of truth, at a period when he ought to be able to teach others, that his preparation for usefulness must needs be scanty, and his efficiency proportionably restricted. How different the case with the convert of fourteen or sixteen! The materials of usefulness are wrought into his spiritual being, under circumstances the most favourable for the development of their true and effective properties. There is the simplicity of youth, combined with the ardour of the soul's "first love" to God and to his cause; there is the sanguineness of feeling which no reverses have chilled, and the buoyancy of hope uncrushed by disappointment; there is the cheerfulness which makes piety look lovely, and the tenderness of conscience that shrinks instinctively from sin; there is the glow of fervent zeal, and the promise of matured exertion.

In alluding to the promise of matured exertion, it is impossible not to be thrown back upon the recollection of a fact so often realized—the early removal, by death, of those whose piety and talents afforded the most encouraging anticipations of future and extended

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usefulness. An instance in point is furnished by the interesting subject of this Memoir; but the fact, mournful as it is when contemplated as a positive loss to her family, to the church on earth, and to the world, does not controvert the position here advanced and insisted on, viz. the superior usefulness of an individual whose heart is early won to the love and service of God. For can it be admitted, that the beneficial influence of her piety is *lost*, by an exchange of the living example for the voice that speaks in and after death? Rather, is not every part of her religious character and conduct, every counsel that her lips uttered, and every prayer that her spirit breathed, invested with new emphasis, by the thought that neither counsels nor prayers will ever more be heard from those beloved lips? Is there a brother or a sister of the dear departed, who can now be insensible to her touching appeals? Think how she gazed upon you, when her soul, intent on your salvation, yearned to see you follow the Redeemer, and taste the joys which flow from his love and favour. Think how she walked before you in the path of holiness, and urged you by her sweet example to turn your face toward the heavenly Zion. Think how in health, she made religion her business and her delight; how in sickness, she was sustained by its power; how in death, she triumphed through its influence. As long as you cannot cease to remember her zeal, her patience, and her joyful looking for that blessed object of hope, "the glorious appearing of the great God even our Saviour Jesus Christ," so long must her usefulness be perpetuated. Say not then that the results of early piety terminate with mortal life; or, that what to us appears a premature removal from this earthly scene, is the blighting of every blossom that adorned the young and promising tree. Had

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life been prolonged, it is possible that you might have remained unaffected by her holy conversation; and by that means you would so far have prevented the just measure of her influence. But surely it will be resisted no longer. A sister in glory bids you come to Christ: you hear, and will you not obey the call? A sister in glory bids you cleave unto the Lord, whom you have already made your portion: you hear, and follow on with renewed strength and alacrity to know and do his will. Who can set bounds to the extent of a young Christian's usefulness, whether continued in the church below, or taken to that above? We say not these things to magnify the creature. Far be it! If Jehovah forms a people *for his own praise*—and that we are assured he does—then it ought to be our ambition to be instruments in his hand, for the promoting of those objects which he has been pleased to identify with his glory and honour. It is on this ground that we are anxious to show the blessedness of being chosen, in early life, to spread the savour of the name of Jesus among friends, neighbours, and associates, to the utmost possible limits of actual, and even posthumous influence.

There is another aspect in which religion is of unspeakable importance and value to the young; and that is, as it prepares its possessor for the possible event of an early removal from time into eternity. This is an every-day sentiment, and may therefore seem *common-place;* but unless it can be shown, that death is no common occurrence, or that, because it is so, we may trifle with the only means which can dispel its gloom, and avert its certain consequences to the impenitent—"the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched,"—nothing but folly or madness can prompt any one to dismiss the subject, on th

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ground of its being neither new nor uncommon. As there is no period of life exempt from liability to the inroad of "the last enemy," it unquestionably behoves men, at every stage of human existence, to be prepared to meet their God. Yet there are some circumstances which render such a preparation peculiarly desirable in the morning of our days. That is a period wherein death is not looked for as an event in the common course of nature; so that if it does then occur, it comes, in a certain sense, *out of season*, and is therefore the more trying to all whom it concerns. Accordingly the operation of faith, and of every other Christian principle, is so much the more needful to counteract the yet unsubdued love of life, and to raise the affections above those alluring objects which charm the quick senses, and captivate the stirring imagination of the young. To an individual further advanced in years, the consequences of dying without a good hope through Christ must be equally awful as in the case of a young person taken away in an unprepared state; nay, they must be more than equally awful, if with the longer space of time a corresponding amount of religious privilege has been afforded. But if a man or woman has passed the age of life's keenest sensibilities and fondest earthly hopes, there cannot be the same *superlative melancholy* in such a one's bidding adieu to the world. Now this feeling, so natural, so strong, so unconquerable by all the resources of nature, yields at once, or with only a short struggle, in the mind of the dying young disciple. But to what does it yield? To the cold fiat of necessity? to the unresisting languor of disease? to the influence of reason and philosophy? Ah! no. From dire necessity the heart naturally revolts; the languor of disease does not prevent it from clinging to every

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straw of hope, that life may yet be prolonged; reason alone would only prompt it to rebellion; and philosophy might tender in vain its proudest offers of alleviation. To these it may truly be said, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" Nothing can overcome the temptation to pining regrets, and gild the prospect of an early grave, but heartfelt faith in our once crucified and now risen Saviour, and the bright anticipation of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Such faith and such hope have been realized in innumerable instances, weaning the heart from this vain world, and disarming death of all its terrors. Happy the young, who possess these graces; they are prepared to live, and prepared to die!

That faith should possess such mighty power as is requisite to render a young creature, just in life's bloom, not only submissive, but even joyful in the prospect of closing her eyes upon the most endeared objects of time and sense, may well appear surprising to those who have not considered the nature of that principle, and the privileges involved in the possession of it. Faith is not a mere speculative notion of certain facts, connected with a few floating ideas of undefinable happiness to be enjoyed hereafter. It is "*the substance* of things hoped for;" that is to say, it yields a present and substantial earnest of the good that is to be more fully realized, when "this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality." Every one who believes from the heart the testimony of God concerning his Son, is sealed with the holy Spirit of promise; and that Spirit dwelling in the soul, affords the earnest or foretaste of the things promised. In proportion as faith is strong and lively, there is found, in the Christian's experience, a richer measure of this earnest, which,

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in its qualities or essence, is so like the blessedness of heaven, that it produces a natural longing for the full possession of its unmingled enjoyment. Hence the soul, having drunk, as it were, at the stream of pure, unsullied joy, pants to reach the fount, there to refresh and gladden its every power, without restraint and without intermission. This is the great secret of a young Christian being willing to depart at a season when there is every thing in life to render its continuance desirable. And, moreover, as it is the supreme desire of every renewed mind to glorify God, there cannot fail to be something indescribably delightful in the prospect of being advanced to a state of perfect purity, wherein sin will never more defile the homage that is rendered to His majesty, or check for a moment the current of willing and grateful obedience to his will. To be with Christ—to be morally like him—and that for ever—is a consummation, the persuasion of which sheds the sweetest and most fragrant ingredients into the otherwise bitter cup of suffering and death. The pulse is faint, but hope is strong; the cheek is pale, but glory irradiates the spirit; heart and flesh fail, but the Lord is the strength of the sufferer's heart, and her portion for ever. Who would not be a Christian in the prime of youth—to live unto the Lord, or to die unto the Lord!

S. HENDERSON.

Canonbury Square,
Dec. 15, 1837.

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MEMORIALS

OF

A BELOVED FRIEND.

THE garden of the Lord is rich with many tender and lovely plants, which, though hidden from public gaze by the retirement of their situation, are watched with interest and care by the great Husbandman. Their influence spreads around imperceptibly, and mingles with the general perfume; and though, by the careless observer, their fragrance may not be distinguished from that of the rest, yet it is correctly known and estimated by Him, before whom it comes up as acceptable incense. Fair and tender plants! too tender to bloom in this earthly soil. The Lord sometimes removes them early, that they may flourish in the heavenly paradise. While yet in the bud, love transplants them to a more genial clime, there to unfold and blossom for ever.

When a young Christian, lovely as one of these, is, after long affliction, removed by the hand of death

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from our circle and from our side, it becomes the pleasing and yet painful task of affection, to mark the power and the progress of Divine grace, in renewing and sanctifying the soul, in sustaining the spirit through protracted suffering, and in upholding the failing heart in the hour of departure.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." Cheering promise for the people of God;—a promise verified in every instance of its true application, and peculiarly so in the experience of the beloved young saint, who forms the subject of the following brief memoir.

Oh! how many names, unknown amongst men, stand recorded in the Lamb's book of life, and shall ere long be published with honour to the listening earth and heaven! And how many names, unknown save to a private circle, remain even on earth, embalmed in the hearts of the bereaved survivors, acting as a stimulus to holy diligence, and a constant incitement to praise, long after their possessors rest beneath "the clods of the valley!" "The memory of the just is blessed." It is sweet to linger round the tombs of our loved ones, who have fallen asleep in Jesus;—to dwell on what they once were to us, and on what they now are in the mansions of the redeemed; for the one quickens our piety, and the other enkindles our joy. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." We know that they are blessed, for our Saviour has received them to himself; and their life is the joyful consequence of his own.

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Mary Napier Lincolne was born at Halesworth, Jan. 19th, 1818. Her parents devoted her to God, and in her infancy those prayers were laid up on her behalf in heaven, which have been since so fully answered. It is needless to dwell on the early years of her childhood; they passed away in childhood's common pursuits and pleasures. She was reckoned an exceedingly high-spirited girl, of very quick apprehension and good understanding. When about ten or eleven years old, her character materially altered. She became quiet and reserved in her manners, a deep thinker, and passionately fond of study. Her disposition was remarkably affectionate, and her filial and sisterly feelings were the most lively and refined that can well be imagined. A note which she wrote to her eldest brother at this early age, is interesting on two accounts;—as being the first of her epistolary productions now in existence; and as containing the first written indications of religious feeling.

"Halesworth, Sept. 18th, 1829.

"My dearly beloved Brother,

We are all very much pleased with your letter, and papa was glad to hear you liked your situation, only it caused a sigh on my part because you were not here instead of the letter. * * * When you write to me, tell me *almost* every thought of your heart, that is, tell me every thing of your proceedings, whether you are pretty comfortable or not; which, although I do not doubt, having such a kind

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master as Mr. B——, yet I like to know every particular. And now, my W——, I am come to a more serious part of my letter, and to make an earnest request of you; which is, that you will daily pray to the Lord, that he will give you grace to walk in the ways of righteousness, that you may follow the same all the days of your life. Adieu, my dearest brother, and believe me ever to remain

Your affectionate sister,

MARY."

The following artless lines were written the year after.

"Halesworth, March 12th, 1830.

"My dear W———,

I should rejoice were you now present, but as this is not the case, I must be content with telling you by letter, that I wish you many happy returns of your birth-day. I dare say you would like to be at home now, in the company of your parents, brothers, and sisters; and we should equally enjoy the sight of your good-natured face; but, my dear W——, all the adventures of this life are not to be as *we* choose, but as God ordains it." * * * *

From this time her mind speedily matured; her talents were of a high order, and her habits of study were certainly what might be called severe. Much could be said of the intense eagerness with which she sought after knowledge; of the indefatigable industry

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with which she rose early and sat up late, that she might procure time for reading; of that ever-longing appetite for information, which made her shrink from entering a party, or from spending any portion of time, without the prospect of adding to her literary resources. But it is not of her mental superiority that it is our special privilege to speak, but of her holiness—of her close walk with God.

When young persons have been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and from the first dawning of reason have been taught the condition of men as sinners, the grace of the Redeemer in effecting their deliverance, and their deep obligation to fear and love God, it generally happens that their religious experience contains nothing peculiar or striking: yet such experience is always interesting, since it brings into fresh view the goodness of Him, who so gently made them "willing in the day of his power." As the sun gradually unveils his brightness, and scatters the mists which obscure his rising, so that, although their disappearance is at the time unnoticed, we find them gone; thus gradually does the Sun of Righteousness illumine many a heart; shadow after shadow vanishes, doubts are dispelled, and the darkness is exchanged for day. This was the happy lot of our beloved Mary. From a child "she had known the Holy Scriptures;" and the knowledge of God was her first knowledge, and prayer was the first employment of her lisping tongue. The dew of Divine grace distilled into her opening mind, "as the small rain de-

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scends upon the tender herb," and makes it flourish and put forth its beauty, without visible cause. It is uncertain when the operations of the Holy Spirit commenced in her youthful mind; probably at an early age; for, although from childhood she was excessively averse from conversation on her own religious state, yet her conduct exhibited a remarkable consistency and strength of principle. In one of her early letters to her brother, she says, "*Never hesitate to do right*, although the *whole world* be in arms against you;" and it was evident that this was the maxim on which she daily acted. "It was, I believe," says her eldest brother, "on my second annual visit home, that I was startled by my mother remarking, as she passed accidentally by, that she thought Mary was a girl of strong principle. * * * * I hastily inquired how she knew it, and found to my surprise that it was owing to no unusual act of self-denial; but simply to that quiet consistency of conduct, which so eminently characterized her, and which even then began to display itself."

About this period she left home for the purpose of education, and resided for some time in a respectable school at Beccles. Here her conduct was such as to secure to her, in an extraordinary degree, the love of her instructress, to whom she was much attached, and of her school-fellows. One of them writes thus: "My early intimacy with dear Mary while at school, was the source of much pleasure, and, I hope, benefit to me. On our first introduction to each other, we

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felt that we were *friends;* and the affection which so suddenly grew up between us, continued unabated to the close of her life. You can easily believe her character to have been at this time very interesting. One thing that particularly distinguished her was, her constant anxiety to do right. I do not think any thing could have induced her to act contrary to the convictions of her conscience. When she first went to Beccles, she felt herself rather behind some of her companions, and her diligence and perseverance in study were most exemplary. She showed at that time what increasingly characterized her, an ardent *thirst* for knowledge, and delight in mental exertion of every kind for its own sake. And combined with these intellectual characteristics, she ever displayed such warm and ingenuous frankness, such sweet and conciliating gentleness, as made her an object of very general affection. I felt her friendship to be very valuable, and though she was rather younger than myself, I looked up to her as an example; and with sweet humility and gentleness would she sometimes point out instances in which I had erred. I used playfully to call her Mentoria. She possessed, I think, an intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart. An instance recurs to my memory. On one occasion, when speaking of a fault to which we felt ourselves liable, I proposed to her that we should try to mention to each other every evening, some instance in which we had resisted it in the course of the day. She thoughtfully replied, 'Might not that lead to

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something like display, dear ——? would it not be better to try to recall some such instance every day to *ourselves?*' I mention this little incident, merely to show how jealous she ever was of her own heart, and how aware of its tendency to evil."

Some remarks which she wrote at this time, on the importance of acquiring knowledge, may well be inserted, as evincing her desire of intellectual improvement. The composition is juvenile; but it embodies principles, which she made the rules of her conduct from a very early age.

"The most noble distinction of man over the brute creation, is, the endowment of a mind capable of reflection, and of faculties, the possession of which deservedly ranks him high in the scale of existence. It is the duty of every rational being to cultivate his mental powers, and to employ his talents in such pursuits as are adapted to his superior nature: to excel in knowledge is a laudable ambition, and the acquirement of it worthy the exercise of all our energies. It has been the illiberal sentiment of some narrow-minded persons, that knowledge has a tendency to excite vanity; but this is a mistaken idea. The further we advance in any study, the more we discover how little we know upon the subject, and how much is yet to be learned; so that the wider our range in the regions of science, the more sensible we become of our ignorance, and, consequently, the greater ground there is for humility. From the earliest period, men have

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received the homage of their fellow-creatures according to their attainments in science; and in the present enlightened age, respect is considered due to those who have arrived at a degree of literary eminence. It should therefore be considered an important branch of duty, to furnish our minds with useful and valuable information. This must be done by small degrees. A little should be learned and reflected upon every day; for meditation is the grand secret of improvement. The disadvantage of an inferior capacity may be counterbalanced by application and perseverance; and without these, the most brilliant talents cannot accomplish much. The young student, then, should not allow himself to be discouraged by difficulties, for, when once conquered, an ample reward will assuredly follow the victory."

We are generally too apt to overlook the importance which attaches to the connexion of intellectual superiority with religious feeling. If "knowledge is power," how "devoutly it is to be wished," that knowledge should be sanctified! how desirable that the religious part of the community should be distinguished by mental attainment, that they may the more powerfully exert a holy influence on the world! It is a fact, not sufficiently observed, that when a man becomes the possessor of true piety, fresh vigour is imparted to his intellectual constitution. Many instances have occurred of mind, which before had never appeared superior to the natural instinct of the beasts that perish,

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but which, on the conversion of the heart to God, has awoke to a consciousness of those inherent qualities, which render it worthy of an immortal being. Learned and scientific acquirements are too often found apart from vital godliness; but while this circumstance is to be regretted, it furnishes fresh reason for engaging Christians in their prosecution. That will be a happy day for the world, when they who hold as it were the keys of knowledge, shall be men filled with the Holy Ghost, and who will wield the mighty weapons with which that knowledge supplies them, in the cause of truth and holiness.

But, apart from these considerations, there is something in the mind itself, that imperiously demands cultivation. We feel that it is the noblest part of our nature; it is that which raises us above sensuality, and allies us to angels and to God. The natural powers of the human mind are great, and even here we look with admiration on the mental efforts of a Bacon or a Newton; but these vanish, as the star of morning fades before the glowing light of day, when compared with those energies that shall be put forth, when the mind, freed from the shackles of corruption, and purified at the Fount of Life, shall engage with untiring activity in the occupations of a glorious and deathless sphere.

The thought is ennobling, and must excite to the improvement of those faculties which God has given us for some useful end; while the precept of the apostle should never be forgotten, "Whether ye eat

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or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Any thing that offered in the shape of study was delightful to Mary, and she hailed it as a means of mental improvement; but I think her talent for languages was as strongly marked as any of her powers. When fourteen years old, staying at the house of a friend, she began Latin as a profitable amusement; and it is no small proof of her power of application, that in eight weeks she had learned twice through the Grammar, written Exercises daily, and read thoroughly Valpy's Delectus. At another time, staying with the same friend, only for a few days, she went through Vulgar Fractions; so constantly anxious was she to improve. She never paid a visit without inquiring, What knowledge can I gain here? and with her readiness of mind and fixedness of purpose, it is not surprising that her progress was easy and rapid. Thus her days were spent in unwearied application, till her mind waxing more and more vigorous, at length became too powerful in its operations for so frail a tenement, and the casket wore away, as if unfit to hold a gem so prized. Her love of order ought not to be unnoticed. Fond as she was of books, they were never suffered to lie out of their proper places; and though attached to literary pursuits, these never made her forget the importance of more feminine occupations, nor unfitted her for domestic life.

Humility shone in an eminent degree in her character. It is true that there is a reserve springing from

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pride; but hers was entirely the fruit of the low opinion she constantly entertained of herself. She always gave others the palm, and spoke of her own small attainments in language plainly the expression of no affected humility nor hidden ostentatiousness, but of a heart intimately acquainted with itself. It was in the summer of 1832, that my intercourse with the beloved subject of this memoir commenced. I remember then thinking that, behind the veil which her diffidence had flung around her, there must be hidden a mind of more than ordinary power; and when all reserve was laid aside, and we loved each other as sisters, I indeed found that there was a mind, distinguished alike by strength of intellect, and by its striking resemblance to the mind of Christ.

Her extreme aversion from disclosing to others her private feelings, and the fear lest she should be tempted to express herself more strongly than her conscience would permit, led her to commit but little to paper, and even to destroy nearly all the manuscripts which she had written. The following fragment however remains among a few others, which, though torn, are quite legible.

"Adieu, vanity world! may I be dead to all thine allurements; may all thy sinful pleasures disgust me. In the hour of death, will thy sordid gratifications afford me any real happiness, or impart one cheering thought to a dying mortal? Oh! let me not be insnared by thy flattering scenes. All is delusion: all

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is vanity. Blessed Jesus! be thou my Guide: direct me through this maze of sensuality. Thou art the Rock of ages, be *my* rock. Thou art higher than I; lead me till death shall call me to thee. Then shall I sing thy praises to all eternity.

M. N. L.

"April 10th, 1833."

Mary's natural diffidence acted for some time as a seal upon her lips on the subject of religion. She knew it, and bewailed it as sinful. She had a strong desire to unite with the people of God, and walk with them in the way of his commandments, long before she actually made a profession of religion. One of her letters, bearing the date of April 21st, 1834, refers to this subject. "How rejoiced I am, dear ———, at your admission into the visible church of Christ! Thank you for your kind inquiries respecting my progression in this particular. I am grieved to tell you, that I have not yet enjoyed the privilege of commemorating the love of Jesus at the table of the Lord. I still feel an ardent desire to partake with his disciples of this delightful feast; but feel also my unworthiness of such an honour. I fear afterwards acting inconsistently with that high character the children of God are called to maintain; and dread putting forth the leaves of profession, while no real fruits of righteousness would be produced. Again, I feel such a difficulty in mentioning the subject to any one, even to my dear parents, to whom I should be most unreserved and confidential;

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and if I find impossible to overcome this diffidence to *them*, I am sure I never can converse freely with any one else. I greatly need your encouragement and advice in this state of uncomfortable perplexity. Was it Domestic Portraiture you mentioned as being a nice work while I was with you? If so, I have read it since my return, and like it very much indeed. I feel just the same reserve that Wilberforce Richmond did, and wish I may be as successful in conquering it as he was." The following, dated from Bocking, Sept. 27th, is addressed to the same correspondent. "I cannot describe my feelings on reading your last; but it was not read without tears. The subject which formed so prominent a part of your letter, is indeed a highly important one; and because even to *you* I have been silent on it so long, do not suppose that it has ceased to be interesting to me, but the state of my mind is so fluctuating, now hope, now fear prevailing, that I know not what to say to you respecting it. When I sometimes think of the command that was given by Jesus, on instituting the Lord's supper, 'This do in remembrance of me,' together with the gracious promises of assistance contained in the word of God, I feel as though I *must* come forward as a follower of Christ, and give my heart to him; and at another time I am oppressed with a sense of my utter unworthiness, and a conviction arises that I have altogether mistaken what I once conceived to be the evidences of a renewed heart, and that I cannot be a child of God. 'Oh! that in unfettered union, spirit could with

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spirit blend;' then I know you could remove these difficulties; or if I could enjoy an hour's conversation with you, how delightful it would be!" Between the writing of these last-named letters, Mary penned an interesting note to her papa.

"Halesworth, May 2nd, 1834.

"My dear Papa,

You are aware that I some time since expressed a wish to become a member of the visible church of Christ. I have hitherto been prevented from speaking to you on a subject which has so much engaged my thoughts, from the disinclination I have always felt to engage in religious conversation; but this diffidence must be overcome, and I can no longer refrain from telling you, that it is my earnest desire to come forward, and humbly devote myself to the service of God. This feeling was excited in me many months since, and timidity alone kept me from communicating it to any one; but the more I reflect, the more I see the importance of coming early to Christ; and, consequently, am the more desirous of openly surrendering myself to him without delay.———I have written these few words merely to relieve my mind of a burden that has for some time oppressed it, and leaving it to your consideration, I remain, dear papa,

Your affectionate Daughter,

MARY."

After this, accompanied by her sister F——, she

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paid a visit to the metropolis, and still continued to feel deeply on the above-named subject. Amid the gay and bustling scenes of the crowded city, her heart was often far away; and to one who saw her there, she confessed that she was suffering from a painful struggle within. On her return home, Mary undertook the tuition of the younger branches of the family; an office, into the responsibility of which she fully entered. She writes,

"Jan. 26th, 1835. To-day I enter on an employment which I have long anticipated. I become the instructress of three beloved little sisters, and a dear little brother. 'Delightful task! to rear the tender thought!' and not a less important one. I shrink from the responsibility attached to such a situation, and feel a little apprehension lest I should not discharge its duties with fidelity and alacrity; but I know that I must not confide in my own strength; I must look upward for Divine guidance and assistance, and feel assured that I shall find them there. Let me secure the affections of my young pupils, and the infusion of knowledge into their infant minds will be rendered comparatively easy."

As a teacher, her exertions for the improvement of her juvenile charge were indefatigable. Distrusting her own judgment, she was always anxious to be advised on the best means of imparting instruction; and, possessed of a peculiar facility in this respect, it may well be imagined that she made study a delight.

The time was now approaching when she was

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happily enabled to devote herself publicly to the Lord, by obeying his dying command. After much prayer and self-examination, she determined to hesitate no longer. Mr. Lincolne writes in a paragraph added to her note to him already quoted: "July 5th, 1835. This day we had the happiness of uniting with our dear Mary and Fanny in commemorating the Saviour's dying love. May we be spared to see *all* our dear children led to unite themselves with the people of God. Oh the delight of seeing so large a family '*one* in Christ Jesus!' So may it indeed be. Amen and Amen."

Surely, if there can be an additional tint of loveliness thrown over the prospect of a large and united family, it is the warm colouring flung by the hand of faith, contemplating the period when that shall be "a whole family in heaven;" and if on earth there can be a fit emblem of the ever-blessed assembly, who encircle the throne of their Father beyond the skies, it is such a family knit together in the bonds of Jesus' love. Oh that in the present instance that prospect may be brightly realized!

The state of Mary's mind at this period, may be gathered from a letter addressed to her brother.

"July 9th, 1835.

* * "I thank you, my dear W——, for your kind congratulations on the step which through grace I have been enabled to take, and I hope I have not done so without a deep sense of the important

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position I have now to maintain. When I reflect on my past experience, I cannot sufficiently adore the loving-kindness of God, who has at last permitted me to enjoy a privilege of which I have so long and earnestly desired to partake; but have been too much deterred by the dread I felt of making a public avowal of my principles. This criminal timidity has at last, after severe conflict, been overcome; and I have dedicated myself in a solemn covenant to Him to whose service I trust I am willing sincerely and entirely to devote myself. I cannot describe to you the feelings with which I sat down last Sunday for the first time, to commemorate the love of the dying Jesus, but I think the prevailing feature of my mind was *gratitude;* gratitude that I, who had so long remained without, wavering between God and the world, should at length be allowed to approach the sacred table, and become a guest at so holy a banquet. Had I known the full extent of the enjoyment from which I debarred myself, while in a state of indecision, I think I could not so long have hesitated. O my dear W——, I can tell you from happy experience, that this ordinance is eminently calculated to excite in us holy affections, to inflame our love, and animate our zeal; and I would entreat you to try its efficacy, by participating yourself in its privileges. You know not what delights you are foregoing. O do not any longer linger. I know there is a struggle in your mind; *quickly decide,* and decide for God. It is a step which you will never regret having taken; one that will produce peace and

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joy in your own bosom, and may I not add, joy also in heaven. Besides, it would so sweetly cement our affections, it would draw still more closely the cord of love which is already entwined around our hearts, and would render the tender relationship that exists between us of *brother* and *sister*, a yet more endearing one. But I may use your own words, and say, that 'nobler motives than these should influence you.' Why should we live in the neglect of a duty that is so expressly enjoined, 'Do this in remembrance of me?' And to whom are these words addressed, but to the disciples of Christ? Are you not then anxious to become his disciple? I am sure that you are. Do not fear then to enlist yourself under his banner: proclaim yourself a champion of his holy cause, and be not ashamed to 'profess a good profession,' though before many witnesses. But while the affection I cherish for you as a *brother* induces me to be thus urgent, I must not forget the deference due to you as an *elder* brother, and will not therefore press the point further. If I have exercised greater freedom than becomes me as a junior, I can offer this alone as an apology, that LOVE has prompted all I have said." * * *

From this time, the state of dear Mary's mind was peaceful and happy. The internal conflict which had so long distressed her ceased; she felt that her soul was in the hands of her Redeemer, and she rejoiced in his love.

There is a pleasure in the path of obedience, and a

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peace in walking in the way of *all* God's commandments, which can never be known by those wavering minds who linger on the threshold of true religion, while they are too conscious of what is right to mingle heartily with the world. Even after an individual has embraced the truth, and sincerely wishes to do the will of his Father, uncertainty on a point of duty, and an undue dread of difficulties, in many cases visionary, operate universally as a draw-back on a religious course, and as death to the Christian's joy. Shortly before Mary made a public profession of religion, she says, writing to one placed in somewhat similar circumstances, " When I remember our last evening walk, and the conversation we then enjoyed on a subject which has engaged so many of our thoughts, I am really surprised at the *criminal* weakness and indecision we have manifested, for criminal it must be, when it deters us from the path of duty. And does not our continued hesitation tacitly imply a disbelief in the faithfulness of Him who has said, ' As thy day, so shall thy strength be ;' ' my grace is sufficient for thee ?' Yes, my dear friend, I feel that *we ought* to take the step we have so long meditated, and trust that we shall be enabled to shake off that timidity which has so long enthralled us. O, let it be our determination, that ' we will serve the Lord ;' and how delightful to be *fellow-helpers* on the road to Zion, travelling onward in the expectation of a full enjoyment of those realities, of which in this life we can have but faint and imperfect (yet precious) fore-

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tastes!" Ever afterwards, Mary looked back upon her lengthened indecision with feelings of deep penitence; and while she repented of her sin, the thought that her Saviour should, after this, so abundantly cause her to rejoice in his love, filled her heart with overwhelming gratitude and praise.

In the present day, while "the churches have rest" in our land, while the profession of the name of Christ is attended with no outward degradation, and in some circles is esteemed an honour, even by unconverted men, many "assay to join themselves to the disciples," who experience but slight religious convictions, and who, in a great measure, disregard the momentous interests attached to the step they contemplate. At the same time, however deeply some others may bewail their weak faith, their languid zeal, or their imperfect obedience, and however humbly they may judge of their attainments in the divine life; yet if they really love the Saviour and feel his preciousness, it is their obvious duty to unite themselves to his worshipping church on earth, as they wish to form part of the glorified throng in heaven. No worthiness is required to bring an individual under an obligation to obey the dying command of his Redeemer;—it presses on all whom Jesus died to redeem. This command is surely no more to be slighted than any other; nay, the touching circumstances in which it was delivered, arm it with additional force. "The fear of man bringeth a snare;" and they who are deterred, by this motive only, from the table of the Lord, may well be affec-

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tionately reminded, that ere long they shall stand in the judgment, face to face with Him who has solemnly declared, " Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels."

This is an age of great exertion. The prince of darkness, arming his legions, seeks to overthrow the works of light, and to withstand the forces of our Emmanuel. It is for the servants of the Most High openly to avow their attachment to his cause, and to gather round the ensign of the King of kings. Who will stand neuter in such a contest, while the awful declaration is yet sounding, " He that is not with me is against me ? " And can we ever be deterred by *shame* from professing our love to Him, who " endured the cross, despising the *shame*," lived a life covered with *obloquy*, and died an *ignominious* death, for the sake of ransoming our souls from guilt and despair ? " If we suffer, we shall also reign with him ; if we deny him, he also will deny us."

In the month of July, Mary visited Norwich, in order to be present at the Missionary services, annually held in that city. They very powerfully impressed her mind, and from this time to the close of life her whole soul was full of ardour in the Missionary cause. The delight which she experienced from attending them, she thus expresses, fresh from the heart, in a letter to her brother.

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" Halesworth, July 20th, 1835.

" My dear Brother,

The early date of this may surprise you, but my engagements this week render it necessary that I should seize the present opportunity of writing to you. In my last I told you I was anticipating a journey to Norwich, and I can now tell you something of my enjoyment while there; and yet I *can* NOT tell you, for no words in the English language are capable of expressing the full extent of the pleasure which this visit has afforded me. You know that the attraction which drew us to Norwich was the Missionary Meetings, and truly no religious meetings of any kind have ever imparted to me half the degree of transport which these excited. On Monday evening, we attended Mr. Alexander's chapel, where the business of the society was transacted, reports read, and so on, and a great many admirable speeches made. The principal gentlemen were, Mr. Christie, who has been labouring as a Missionary in Africa and the East Indies, and had, as you may suppose, much that is highly interesting to relate, and Mr. Leifchild, whose talents for producing effect surpass those of any minister I ever knew. He is a delightful man and an eloquent speaker. I cannot tell you what I felt in listening to him; but one thing I *can* tell, that I wished you could hear him too. But the best treat was on Tuesday morning, when 245 of us assembled in a spacious hall to breakfast, at which all the gentlemen who had pleased us so

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much the evening before were present; and surely no repast ever equalled this. It was indeed 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' Mr. Leifchild was, as before, the general favourite, and well might be. His very name makes my heart leap. The torrent of his eloquence was irresistible. His very features spoke, and so completely was he master of our feelings, that, I believe, scarcely an eye was tearless. No one who heard him could, I think, ever be cold on the subject of Missions again. It is a cause which every individual ought to promote by every means in his power; for, as Mr. Leifchild said, 'It *will* go on, and those who will not assist it, must stay behind.' But, my dear W——, *we* will not stay behind; let us strive to be among the foremost of those who are helping to bring forward the chariot of Christ's kingdom. On Tuesday, we again met on a very interesting and delightful occasion; this was, to partake of the ordinance of the Lord's supper; and how I should have regretted an exclusion from the feast! Mr. Leifchild gave a most striking address to the spectators; he told them they were all either "out of *Christ*, or out of *place*." Of which number, my dear W——, are you? You are not, I trust, out of Christ; do not then remain out of your place, for there is *plenty of room*. Was I not privileged to enjoy two such happy meals in one day?

"Papa returned from Norwich on Wednesday, and I had intended to return with him, but it happened otherwise. How little do we know, either of good

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or evil, 'what a day may bring forth!' I entered the city a stranger to its inhabitants; but I left it possessed of the affections of several, of whose kindness to me I shall always cherish a grateful recollection. I allude to Mr. and Mrs. B——, who entertained papa during the whole of his stay at Norwich; but I was not introduced to them until the second day, when they were so earnest in pressing me to remain at their house for a few days, that I was quite unable to resist, and accordingly suffered papa to return without me. Mr. B—— is the most amiable and benevolent man you can imagine. It would be almost impossible to be unhappy in his presence; so playful! so musical!

"One of my first employments after reaching home was to read your letter, which afforded me great pleasure. How can I help being delighted, when you tell me that you are anxious to make a public avowal of your faith in Christ? Most sincerely do I desire and pray, that you may be encouraged in every holy resolution, and be enabled to endure the test which your principles will shortly have to encounter. If you 'lack wisdom,' dear W——, you know where to apply for it, and the promise is, that it shall be 'given liberally.'"

The next letter to the same correspondent, adverts to a subject on which Mary's heart was ever full and overflowing. She was all attuned for friendship, and the knowledge that one she loved, possessed that

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blessing which constituted her greatest earthly enjoyment, woke up in consenting harmony every string of her inmost soul.

" Halesworth, Aug. 3rd, 1835.

" My dear W——,

You grieve at not being able to spend more time in writing to me, but you so well employ what little you have, by saying exactly what pleases me, that I have no cause to join in your complaints. And so you have at last met with one who can supply to you the place of our lamented Mr. L——. You have my warmest congratulations, for indeed I do most sincerely rejoice with you, and hope that on obtaining a more intimate knowledge of your new acquaintance, you will find him possessed of every quality requisite in one who would bear the sacred appellation of *friend*. I cannot help reflecting on this circumstance with peculiar feelings of gratitude, as it is not many days since I was thinking of the loss you had sustained in the death of your dearest associate; and this led me to supplicate, upon my knees, that another might be raised equally worthy of your affections, and in whose society you could enjoy all the delights of a warm attachment. It was your *very next letter* that informed me that such a one *had* been found; and when I read that part of it which conveyed the happy tidings, I was so struck with such a remarkable instance of the goodness of Divine Providence in answering prayer, that, although

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I was at the dinner table, I was obliged to leave it, in order to give vent to my emotions of joy, in rendering praise to Him who had displayed his love and tender indulgence in so signal a manner. I am so happy to think that you can again taste the sweets of friendship, of which you have been long deprived; and am especially delighted to know, that in your friend resides that true piety, which, Cowper says, should be the '*principal ingredient*' in the character of one. May yours prove a friendship that shall not cease with time, but shall continue throughout eternity. * * * * * Indeed, W——, I cannot bear the thought of giving you up entirely. Not catch a glimpse of you once in twelve months. The very idea is cruel; you must plead hard with Mr. B—— for a short emancipation. I remember he once promised us that he would spare you from Saturday night till Monday morning, and even this would be far better than total deprivation. I am obliged to say this, although it is a forbidden subject. 'Tis very hard and so it is' to be treated thus, and I have a great mind to be angry. Mamma has made me a present of that pretty little portrait taken of you when you were a babe. I value it very much, though I do not remember its beloved original at that tender age. When I was at Mr. R——'s, I saw an engraving of Mr. Leifchild, and the sight of it revived all that ardour in the Missionary cause, which the dear man had stirred up within me. It produced a thrilling sensation of pleasure within me, and a kind of tingling at

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my fingers' ends, at the recollection of the joys his language was so capable of inspiring. I feel more interested in the cause of Missions than ever." * * * * * * * * * *

TO THE SAME.

"Halesworth, Aug. 22nd, 1835.

"My dear W——,

To say that your letters please me is not sufficient; they are really delightful, and I would not relinquish the gratification of corresponding with you for all the riches of Crœsus. How very kind of you to indulge me with so much as was contained in your last! and how rich a return for the poor scrawls which you receive from me! for I am sure it is only to the partial eye of an affectionate brother, that they can appear to possess any value. Without the pleasing intercourse afforded by an interchange of letters, how could we bear the long separations which the dearest friends are obliged to endure? And is it not sweetly consoling to think that, although absent from each other, we can yet have access '*by one Spirit* unto the Father,' who has promised to be rich 'unto all that call upon him?' How many are the mercies we enjoy! Let us not forget to offer the incense of gratitude and praise. My friend ——— has been staying with us a week, but we are to lose her to-day; and I cannot think of her departure without regret, as it is not probable we shall see each other again for many

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months. Surely, among the highest of our occasional enjoyments, may be classed the pleasure of meeting with those who are dear to us, and of renewing those social delights which absence had for a while suspended. We wanted you on Thursday to complete a very happy party. It was a kind of 'fête champêtre,' held in the meadow adjoining the house of our dear Mrs. C——. You remember, I dare say, a pretty shaded spot which we call the shrubbery, and it was in this cool retreat that we were to take tea. This repast must certainly be considered to possess some eminent virtue, or such importance could never, in this reforming age, be attached to it. E—— and I had fixed an Eolian harp in one of the trees, in hopes that some of its sweet tones would be drawn forth by the breezes; but either Eolus was unfavourable to our wishes, or we were too much engaged in merriment and tête-à-tête to be able to listen to its strains. We had however the songs of the feathered choristers, and this was music delightful enough. * * * I thank you for the beautiful verses you sent me. The 'Hour of Prayer' I like particularly; nor must I forget to acknowledge the very kind and judicious advice with which you conclude your letter, which I assure you I value, as coming from one who is in every respect my superior, in talent, in knowledge, and in wisdom; and who has within himself a fountain of lore, from whose streams I would gladly drink my fill of intellectual pleasures."

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Shortly after the last-mentioned date, she was introduced for the first time to a young friend, who speaks of their meeting in language which shows how evidently her heart was at that time given to God. "In September, 1835, we visited our esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. A——. The book-meeting was held at their house on the Monday evening, (the day of our arrival,) and amongst numerous guests, dear Mary was introduced, and seated herself by me. We soon began to chat, and it was not long before I discovered the mind of Christ in this dear disciple. The *sweetest* of all topics was the theme of our intercourse. I had found a kindred spirit, (if I may claim affinity to one so dear to God,) and that delightful season of enjoyment will never be forgotten by me. One expression that dropped from her lips that evening was this, 'I want to do something for God.' The next day she was employed in his service, canvassing for the Bible Society. This was the dawn of a friendship, which I hope will be consummated in the skies. I think she had just publicly avowed her attachment to her Redeemer, and her heart seemed FULL of love to Christ and his cause."

It will be interesting to notice Mary's religious progress, as developed in letters written to her intimate friends, from this time till the autumn of the following year, when the Lord was pleased to exercise her with that tender chastening, which a father gives to a child in whom he delights.

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TO HER BROTHER.

" Halesworth, Oct. 2nd, 1835.

" My dear W——,

Catching hold of a periodical, my eye fell on this passage, ' There is no love so pure as that which exists between an affectionate brother and sister ; it is the only pleasure on earth without alloy.' The sentiment pleased me, which is the reason I transcribe it the first thing. —— has left his beautiful seat, and is travelling on the continent, in order to recover himself, if possible, from the difficulties into which vice and extravagance have plunged him. I wonder how his lordship feels on taking leave of his delightful park and pleasure-grounds ; without doubt he is now a *miserable man*, as it will most likely prove ' a long farewell to all his greatness.' How happy are those who are placed in the middle station of society, equally removed from the temptations of wealth and the hardships of poverty ! It was a wise request, ' Give me neither poverty nor riches.'

" Yesterday ushered in a month, which to you will be a highly important one, since you are now to be more particularly the director of your own actions. Your conduct will be removed from the restraints which have in some degree been placed upon it, and you must in future *act for yourself.* Those who *love* you, are anxiously longing to see you show a *decision* of character, which ALL must manifest who would ' in-

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herit the promises;' and by becoming *professedly* a servant of Christ, your motives to obedience would be stronger, and the power of Satan over you would at once be shaken. I was delighted with one sentence in your letter; it was this; 'We cannot do too much for Him who has loved us, and given himself for us.' No, indeed; *all* our powers should be consecrated to his service."

TO THE SAME.

"Halesworth, Oct. 29th, 1835.

"My dear W——,

* * * * * I was struck a few days since with a great change that had, within a very few weeks, taken place in the appearance of nature. The bright and lovely robe of summer was succeeded by the yellow tints of autumn, the branches were beginning to lose their foliage, and the withered leaves were scattered round me in every direction. I thought of the prophet's assertion, 'We all do fade as a leaf,' and looked on these relics of decayed beauty with melancholy interest, since they are, in sacred writ, declared to be emblems of our mortality. But why do I say, *with melancholy interest?* Surely the reflection, that 'this is not our rest,' should produce in the mind of the child of God, no other feeling than that of rapture, and a desire to be introduced to that 'glory which is to be revealed;' we should long to depart, and rejoice that we are passing onward to a mansion, 'eternal in the heavens.'" * *

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TO MISS H.

"Halesworth, Oct. 31st, 1835.

"My dear R——,

Your very kind letter, written with so much affection and tenderness, and expressing such warmth of feeling and piety of sentiment, could produce in me no other sensation than that of the liveliest pleasure; and most sincerely do I rejoice in your friendship, regarding it as one of the 'good gifts' which proceed from the hand of Him who 'ordereth all our ways.' And how precious it is to know this, to *feel* that we are in the hands of a covenant-keeping God, who will not suffer any evil to befall his children! Ought we not with confidence to submit all our cares to Him, who says, 'I will *never* leave thee nor forsake thee,' who 'preserveth all that love him,' 'whose mercy is in the heavens, whose faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds?' How delightful to think that there is 'one God and Father over all,' and one Saviour, who is the 'Author of eternal life to them that obey him!' Shall we not love to render a willing obedience to him who hath given ALL for us, and has held out to us so glorious a reward, even 'a mansion in the heavens?' Oh! 'let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;' and let us surrender our hearts more entirely to him, who is worthy of our noblest services, and whose infinite love and compassion so far exceed the utmost of our thoughts. With respect to the beloved friend

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you have lost, dear R——, how great must be your joy concerning her, since you can think of her as of one 'asleep in Jesus,' as merely having gone before, to enter into that rest which 'remaineth for the people of God!' I hope I deeply feel how unworthy I am to succeed her in your affections; but, as you have so kindly allowed me your friendship, I joyfully accept it, desiring to *learn* of you, and to copy you in all that wherein you have copied Christ, whose holy image I trust we both desire to have imprinted on our hearts. Who would have thought that our meeting together for one evening, would have rendered us so dear to each other?

> 'Mysterious are His ways, whose power
> Brings forth that unexpected hour,
> When minds that never met before
> Shall meet, unite, and part no more.'"

* * * * * * *

In December, Mary spent two or three days with the friend to whom the preceding letter was addressed, and who says, that, at that time, "she was still enjoying, in a high degree, the favour and presence of her God, manifesting all the warmth of *first love* to Christ, and proving, by her deportment and conversation, where her heart and treasure were laid."

TO THE SAME.

"Halesworth, Feb. 8th, 1836.

* * * * * * *

"What a blessing to have peace and unity in a church, when we hear of so many congregations in an

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unsettled state around us! May the gracious Shepherd of Israel bless all his flock, even the youngest and the most unworthy, (as I humbly trust I feel myself to be,) with the choicest 'blessings out of Zion!' Can we conceive the extent of the love of Christ? 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the *children of God*.' Surprising grace! that such rebellious creatures should be termed the '*friends*' of Christ, and even admitted to 'the inheritance of the saints in light.' What can we render to such a Saviour? 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' Alas! what a tendency there is in our hearts to ingratitude, to *forget* the gracious Redeemer, to 'turn aside from his flocks!' Oh that the Lord may still be our Shepherd, may continually lead us by the still waters of salvation, and cause us ever to drink of their life-giving streams! My dear R——, I want more love to Christ, more devotedness of heart to that precious Lamb of God, who 'takes all our guilt away,' who 'has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows;' yea, who has freely given us *all* things, even his own blood for our redemption. Do you not long to '*see him as he is*,' to be 'day and night in his temple,' and to worship him in all the 'beauty of holiness?' How should the anticipation of a future life of glory and freedom from sin animate the Christian, and cheer him on through the vale of tears; for 'since the beginning of the world, men have not heard nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the

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eye seen, what God hath prepared for them that love him.' We cannot tell the glories that shall be revealed to us; but what can we desire to know more than that '*we shall be like him?*' Yes, 'we shall be like our Head,' who is the fountain of truth and holiness.

"We are anticipating the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Jones, the secretary of the Tract Society. He comes once a year, and it is refreshing to hear from him of the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth. Such accounts kindle love to our fellow-creatures, and a desire for the approach of that period, when 'the knowledge of Him shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.' Unto his care and watchful keeping, who is 'the Shepherd and Bishop of souls,' do I now commend you, my dearest R."

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

"Halesworth, March 24th, 1836.

"My ever dear ———,

A letter is but the representative of myself. Oh that I could *in person* express to you my thoughts and feelings; that I could by word of mouth unfold to you the inward emotions of my bosom! Such a treat is yet at a distance, and, much as I long to see you, I would not that the flight of Time were more rapid, even though he should bear you, my beloved ———, on his wings. No; I will delight myself in the prospect of seeing you, and then, when it arrives, how sweet will be the reality! I hope that the little

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intercourse I have had with my dear friend, during her absence, has not prompted in her the thought that she has been forgotten by me, or that separation has at all abated the strength of my affection. Let my ——— be assured, that though 'lost to sight,' she is still 'to memory dear,' *very dear* to her constant Mary. Often do my excursive thoughts ramble as far as Mecklenburgh Square, that sweet spot of earth, and picture you engaged in some deep study, conning perhaps over the classics, or diving into the perplexities of Euclid; and shall I say that at these moments I envy you? Indeed, my own ———, I must acknowledge that it is so, however wrong may be the feeling; yet I would not encourage it, but be thankful for those many privileges I do enjoy. I would rather reflect on those literary advantages that are, than on those that are not, within my reach, and would desire that content should ever be the inmate of my breast. The little, the *very* little that I have sipped from the Pierian spring, has excited in me a thirst for more of its streams, which must remain unquenched since I live so far from the fountain. But truly I have much to be thankful for, and would not that a word of murmuring should escape me. I should be base and ungrateful in the extreme, were the unnumbered mercies that I receive to pass by unheeded, or fail to call forth praise to Him, who is the gracious and beneficent Author of them. He is the continual Preserver of our being, the source of all our mercies; our solace in the hour of affliction, our refuge in the

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time of danger, our Guide, our Friend, our Saviour: to him then let us tender our grateful and devout adorations. He is ever present to aid and uphold us, and wills not that 'any of his little ones should perish.' Oh! could we put more faith in our heavenly Father, whose love is so precious, could we but repose greater confidence in him, without fear or distrust of his providence, how happily might we travel onward through this wilderness! To 'walk by faith' is a difficult duty; but it is unbelief that makes it so: how necessary then to supplicate with earnestness and frequency, 'Lord, increase my faith!' My beloved ——, do not forget me at the throne of grace. I need your prayers as well as your counsels; and whenever you are so kind as to offer the latter, believe me, I consider you as acting the truest part of friendship. Our dear E——r grows more and more dear to us. The greatest fear is, that we should make an idol of an earthly friend, for though, like Jonathan and David, our souls may be 'knit together,' yet the thread of life must be snapped asunder, and the waters of Jordan must separate us; but oh! delightful thought! '*we part to meet again.*' In heaven is our hope: *there* is our inheritance; *there* are those mansions 'incorruptible and undefiled,' which Jesus has prepared for us. Animating thought! that in the New Jerusalem we shall together sing the praises of the Lamb; we shall 'see him face to face,' 'see him as he is.'

"Already 'the flowers appear on the earth, the time

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of the singing of birds is come;' and may I not in these bright seasons begin to look for the face of my friend? 'I dare not trust my heart,' nor cherish hopes that are not yet to be realized, yet I do long to greet you; the very thought of it makes gladness rebound within me, and adds joy to the duty of forbearance and patient waiting. My dear W—— is now in London: on the 17th of this month he attained his 21st year, and we spent it by assembling a few friends at our house, and uniting in prayer on his behalf. It was an interesting and a delightful occasion. May our petitions be recorded in heaven.

"I wonder when you and I shall see Wrentham together. How I should like to have you at the opening of our new meeting! You *must* come if possible. The first brick is not laid yet, so there is abundance of time to consider about it." * *

TO MISS B.

"Halesworth, June 13th, 1836.

"My dear E——r,

I am afraid you have thought me rather long in fulfilling the promise of writing to you, which I made before we separated; but you know how I am situated, and that I cannot in all respects follow my inclinations. We are here continually meeting with incidents that prove barriers to our wishes, and prevent us from acting at all times as we should like. And perhaps it is well that it is so, that we may have a motive to look from the present to a future life; where

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we shall experience no desire which shall not be gratified, where all our hopes shall meet with a full and perfect realization. I suppose you have by this time been introduced to many of the wonders of the great metropolis, have seen a great deal that was quite new to you, and have doubtless gained a vast accession to your fund of ideas. If so, I am furnished with an additional reason for the longing that I have to see you, since I may hope to have a few of them transplanted into my noddle when you return. I love to glean information from whatever quarter I can, and shall expect you to return home with a fine harvest for me. Indeed, dear E——r, I have missed you, and have daily thought of you, but I can scarcely believe it a month since I last saw you. Time flies with rapid wings. Oh to improve each moment as it passes along! I am sometimes amazed to take a retrospection of the past, and think of the record it has carried with it to another world. Oh! let us reflect, we are now in the bloom of youth; the bud has expanded, and soon the flower must fade. May it be only to flourish, with new and more abiding beauty, in the heavenly garden, where the beams that shall emanate from the Sun of Righteousness, and the waters that shall flow freely from the Fountain of life, will produce an eternal spring. * * * * The time I can contrive to devote to study is so very little, and my passion for books daily increases. I feel ready to eat the very pages.

"Our pastor is now from home, and Mr. B——,

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on Sunday, gave us two beautiful sermons. You are now delightfully situated for the *eloquence* of discourse, but talented ministers are not generally the eminently useful ones. I know from *experience*, how difficult it is to maintain a spirit of devotion and zeal for religion, when surrounded by the flattering scenes of gaiety which the world presents. But may you, my beloved friend, be preserved in grace; and may the flame of love in your heart, burn bright, active, and incessant." * * * *

While busily engaged in the tuition of her younger sisters, Mary did not allow her own mind to run waste. Some criticisms which she wrote on certain passages of Shakspeare, and several other compositions belonging to this date, show that she was far from remaining in mental inactivity. Only one or two of them can be inserted here.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips," &c.

Macbeth, Act I. Scene vii.

"These lines are expressive of the train of thought

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which arose in the mind of Macbeth, while contemplating the horrid deed which he afterwards perpetrated; viz. the murder of Duncan. They admirably depict the conflicting emotions which agitate his soul. He ardently desires the accomplishment of his ambitious purposes, yet shudders at the consequences which must result from a crime so awful: he aspires to royalty, yet dreads to fling away that peace of mind by which it must be purchased. In imagination, he sees himself rise upon the ruins of another's downfal; but, in order to effect this elevation, he must stain his hands in the blood of murder; and he feels that this would be to plant within his bosom, the keen sting of remorse, and an incessantly upbraiding conscience. The principal beauty of the passage lies, I conceive, in the fearful struggle that is made to exist between his ambition and his moral powers. The former, ever restless and insatiable, extends its greedy hand, and fain would bring an empire within its mighty grasp; while it is yet alarmed, and, for the present, deterred from its object, by a view of those evil consequences which, even in this life, flow from a guilty action. Macbeth ventures also to glance at futurity, which presents to him a picture, dark and gloomy, from which his soul recoils, and he would that this period of his being could be blotted from existence. But how vain the wish! He knows the certainty of future retribution, and that the murderous deed must be followed by the internal rackings arising from a sense of infamy.

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"From the case of Macbeth, we may learn the necessity of keeping a curb upon our passions, and of restraining those propensities which would lead us to the commission of crime. Had the Scottish chief been early habituated to the duties of self-government, he had not now been drawn into this maze of guilt, from which he was unable to extricate himself. The love of power, as has frequently been observed, increases in the same proportion in which it is gratified; and in the mind of Macbeth, it had acquired so great a prominence, as to bear a sway over all his more correct feelings; nor was any obstacle that could hinder its growth, considered too great to be removed.

"May 2nd, 1836."

"Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light:
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent,) she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies."

Cowper's "Truth."

"We are here introduced to the humble dwelling of the cottager, and are struck with the air of serenity and cheerfulness that pervades it. Perhaps we had

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been accustomed to associate the idea of poverty with that of wretchedness, and are surprised to find an instance in which they are not united. The thought immediately arises, what is it which renders the abode of the peasant so much a scene of tranquillity, and whose influence imparts even to adversity an appearance of comfort? Happiness cannot depend so much as we had imagined on external circumstances, since we find it here residing in the bosom of one who is a stranger to affluence, and whose daily bread is the fruit of toilsome labour. Neither can it be purchased by fame, since this poor woman is happy in obscurity and desires not distinction. She has never received that homage which is paid to genius, and aspires not after it; she has not known the luxury that wealth procures, and is therefore contented with penury. Her pleasures are easily gratified, because they are simple; and her wants, which are few, are supplied by industry. She performs the duties of her lowly station with a mind unruffled by the anxiety that attends the possession of riches: her little stock of knowledge is sufficient for all her present purposes, and her wishes extend not to literary honours.

"But since hope forms here the principal ingredient of our joys, we cannot suppose her happiness to consist in the absence of all desire. No, it is founded on a belief in those sacred truths, which are too frequently rejected by the rich, the eloquent, and the learned. She is upheld in adversity by the expectation of an 'exceeding rich reward,' and is animated

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by the enchanting prospect of a removal to a higher sphere, where her enjoyments will be eternal as the source whence they spring.

"What a striking contrast have we when we view this simple cottager with the unhappy Voltaire! His heart, exulting in its own imagined excellence, refuses to derive instruction from that volume which alone is the fountain of true wisdom; his pleasures, since they flow from that applause which is but transient, must, like it, be short-lived and evanescent; while her consolations, originating in that which is firm and imperishable, must continue certain and enduring, as the basis on which they are established.

"May 16th, 1836."

HOPE.

"Hope is used to express that feeling which we experience, when looking forward to the gratification of some desire, or to the accomplishment of some favourite purpose; and it seems to be more correctly applied, when there is probability that the object of our wish can be attained. It is a longing after something that we do not at present possess, accompanied with an expectation that what we have in view shall be realized. It is the province of hope to direct us toward whatever is in itself good and desirable: it has nothing to do with that which appears to us destitute of attractive qualities. Hope is nearly allied to imagination, with whose busy operations it generally

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unites itself. Both have reference to the future; and while imagination draws the picture, hope discovers the means by which it may be realized. It is directly opposed to despair, and is absolutely necessary, if we would perform any great or noble actions, since it stimulates us to exertion, and enables us to overcome those difficulties, which despondency believes impossible to be encountered. Hope enters largely into our feelings of happiness, and is indeed the principal source of our pleasures. It points us to the future, which it loves to deck with bright and glowing colours, and is continually exciting us to the acquirement of some distant good. Though its promises are frequently delusive, and it has deceived many who have listened to its enchantments, yet there is no passion whose influence is more universally courted. The rich, the poor, the youthful, and the aged, are alike sensible of its charms, and are captivated by the fair prospects of bliss it holds out to them. It is the excursive nature of the human mind, and its propensity to wander in the visionary regions of futurity, that render hope so prevalent, and even cause it to be essential to our happiness; for, were every wish gratified, every sorrow alleviated, and every want removed, where would be our enjoyment? We should sink into a painful vacuity of feeling, and should be without a motive sufficiently powerful to rouse us to exertion. The fulfilment of all our desires, with the absence of any other object to which they could be further directed, would of itself be a positive evil. Alexander felt this, when, having

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subdued the world, he wept that there were no more worlds to conquer.

"Hope is implanted within us for the purpose of dispelling the gloom that hangs on our condition in this life. It is ever ready to soothe our cares, to divert our thoughts from trouble, to burst the cloud that overshadows our prospects. By the anticipation of future good, we are relieved from the pressure of present evil. Hope was given to Pandora, as the only blessing that could bear her up against the miseries and diseases incident to mortality. By her flattering promises, she allures us onward through the rugged path of life, while, as she scatters flowers before us, she constantly holds to our view a picture yet more bright and lovely, which we are still longing to reach. Thus hope sweetens our toils and gilds our pleasures; and we cannot conceive a state of mind more distressing than that from which this sovereign power is banished. A condition of inextinguishable woe is most affectingly described as a place where 'hope entereth not.'

"May 24th, 1836."

> "Causes are mighty, though perchance invisible,
> And into being brought, they must proceed
> To gain gigantic stature, to become
> Our guardian angels, or destroying fiends."

"The most momentous events are frequently suspended upon apparently insignificant circumstances. It seems to be a peculiar plan of Providence, to execute great designs by a conjunction of incidents, in themselves trifling, and which become important only

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as they are viewed together, as contributing to promote the same end; just as the chain is formed by the union of link with link.

"In the records both of sacred and civil history, we find small beginnings involving mighty circumstances. In the case of David, what a succession of occurrences led him from the sheepfold to the throne of Israel! And in a later period, who would have imagined that on the accidental discovery of an infant, deriving its nourishment from a wolf, depended the foundation of an empire?

"In the operation of nature, we see the same principle existing. The acorn which the child suspended as a bead round his neck, becomes a towering oak; and the spark, when once enkindled, increases to a devouring flame.

"June 6th, 1836."

Although Mary could not but delight in Shakspeare, as pre-eminently the poet of nature, it cannot be denied that the indiscriminate reading of his works ought on no account to be permitted to those young persons, whose principles are yet fluctuating, and whose moral taste remains yet to be formed. To one whose heart is right with God, the perusal of his writings, which are "the mirror of life," may possibly be followed by religious advantage, similar to that which would result from the contemplation of the scenes of life itself. But Shakspeare faithfully paints the dark side of humanity; and so black are the pictures which

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his skilful hand portrays, that their very presentation seems to involve pollution, save to a soul endowed with heavenly grace, of which it may be said, "A thousand liveried angels lackey her, driving far off each thing of sin and guilt." We would not expose confiding youth to the influence of the company and conversation of evil men, nor could we refrain from dreading the same influence, though received through a less suspected medium. When the mind is established in truth, and able to discern between things which differ, Shakspeare may be read with safety;—his striking delineations of character, his splendid descriptions of nature, his accurate sketches of life and manners,—these may then be studied and admired. But to the Christian, our great dramatic bard must ever present a mournful spectacle of towering genius, crouching to the slavery of sin.

About the time of our last date Mary's health was exceedingly delicate; still she would not remit in her close application to study, or her other favourite occupations. It was thought advisable that she should for a time lodge at Southwold, that her strength might be recruited by sea-air. Her stay at this town she much enjoyed, and even there she carried on her literary pursuits with all the ardour of her inquiring mind. She began afresh the study of Latin, and in spite of the remonstrances of her friends, who, she thought, were led astray through their affection, she engaged in it with a mental energy, which physical weakness rendered highly prejudicial.

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But her "soul prospered and was in health." While she was at Southwold, a public occasion of some interest drew many to that town. A friend who was there, and then visited her, writes thus;—"She looked poorly, but her spirit appeared healthy and energetic: her delight in God was still ardent; her expressions savoured of heaven and heavenly objects. I believe it is customary in Mrs. S——'s establishment, to repeat a verse of Scripture every morning: dear Mary on that day repeated this appropriate text, 'Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not;' alluding to Mr. Hopkins' prayer at family devotion the preceding evening, in which he had asked for suitable weather to favour the enjoyment of the day. She remarked to me, 'See, R—— dear, what a beautiful day this has turned out.' It was rather a cloudy morning, if my memory does not deceive me, and some comment escaped her in reference to the experience of a Christian. I wish I could recall her words, but I am making a fruitless effort."

On Mary's return home, she spent a short time with a friend at Thetford, to whom she was much attached, and whom she had not seen for two or three years. They had been school-fellows, and their mutual affection had increased in spite of their continued absence. This visit Mary regarded as doubly interesting, from the providential circumstances with which it was connected, and which, towards the close of her visit, she thus describes in her diary.

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"August 6th. My last Saturday evening at Thetford, at which place I have been spending some happy days with my dear friend M—— B——. I consider this visit a remarkable answer to prayer. The society of M—— was one of my greatest pleasures while at school, but on leaving it all our intercourse was entirely suspended; yet the affection I retained for M—— was so strong that I could not bear the idea of relinquishing a friendship which had been so sweet to me; and often while thinking of her with the greatest interest, I had felt intense desire to see her again. A few weeks since, in my sabbath devotions, I made it a subject of earnest entreaty that I might once more meet my beloved friend, and I believe I asked *in faith*. On rising from my knees, I immediately repaired to the dining-room, where dear mamma was seated on the sofa, and as soon as I entered, she exclaimed, 'Mary, Mr. Dennant is going to Thetford to-morrow, and you can if you like write to your friend M——, and invite her to see you.' I was struck with her words, as I instantly discovered that even then God was opening a way by which to answer my petitions. I accordingly wrote to M—— and invited her to see me, which invitation she was unable to accept, but proposed that I should visit her instead: from this has resulted my stay at Thetford, which has afforded me a very great degree of pleasure. We have spent some happy hours in conversation, and I hope that the interchange of thought we have indulged in, has not been entirely without profit. This evening

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we have been walking together, and have agreed to stir up the remembrance of one another, by doing some slight measure of good. We have resolved to pay one visit every week to some poor person, for the purpose of religious conversation, or the reading of the Scriptures, by which we shall at the same time be promoting, in a feeble degree, the interests of Christ's kingdom, and redeeming an interesting pledge of friendship."

Mary was remarkable for delight in prayer. To draw near to God she felt to be her dearest privilege, and she entered fully into the spirit of the injunction, "Pour out *your hearts* before him." It was to her "a joy unspeakable," to lay open her whole heart to her heavenly Father, praying him that he would fulfil or refuse her desires accordingly as they were, or were not, consistent with his will. "How delightful it is that we may tell him every thing!" she would exclaim, "that we need not keep back one thought, because it is too insignificant for him to hear; that we may bring to him all our *little* cares: how kind our Father is to us! I have heard some persons say that they should not think of mentioning such and such things in their prayers, because they regard them as too familiar; but are we not encouraged to tell him all our wants, great and small? Those things which are small cares to some, are great and burdensome to others: if we reason in this way, we might cast on him no burden at all, for we might well judge ourselves altogether unworthy and beneath his notice."

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It was Mary's custom to commit to the Lord her every trifling anxiety, and then to rest quiet and composed. "It will be as God likes, and all he does is right," she used to say; "let our minds be stayed on him." That text was a very favourite one with her, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee." It became especially endeared to her during her last illness; she often repeated it with an emphasis and expression, which showed that her mind was indeed stayed on the Rock of ages, and that she knew the depth of consolation which that blessed stedfastness alone can impart.

In reference to one expression used in her diary, "I believe I asked in *faith*," it may be observed, that as faith can rest on testimony alone, that is not true faith which has not the word of God for its basis. When we ask for temporal blessings, the only belief in which we are warranted to indulge, is, that God will do that which is right, whether in answering or rejecting our petition. To ask for any thing which God has not promised to grant, with the confidence that our prayer will be heard, is not faith, but rather presumption. Mary understood this, and in the expression above named, intended, I think, merely to declare the firmness of her faith, that the desire of her heart would be granted if consistent with the Divine will.

The following reminiscences of her visit at Thetford were written in her diary after her return home, as is plain from the mention of her grandpapa's death; an

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event, with which she was not acquainted till some days after.

" Aug. 7th, Sunday. On this day dear grandpapa went down to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in its season. His health had been long declining, and at last his spirit was summoned from its clayey tabernacle, to inherit a heavenly Canaan. Happy, ransomed soul! now employed in singing the praises of thy Redeemer. No more shalt thou encounter temptation, or be called to struggle with any sorrow; but shalt continually dwell before the throne of God, and in the presence of the Lamb for ever.— The memory of our beloved relative will long be cherished by those who witnessed his piety, his cheerfulness, his remarkably kind and gentle disposition, and his constant activity in doing good. Truly, his was 'the death of the righteous.' May we be excited to the imitation of his Christian character, and be animated with a more fervent zeal for the extension of our Saviour's kingdom, that when called to quit the scenes of our earthly pilgrimage, we may be gathered to an 'inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'

" Mr. C—— preached at Thetford in the morning, a very excellent sermon, from the words, 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' My mind was much harassed with temptation during the day; but, in the evening, I enjoyed a sweet season of communion with God.

" Aug. 8th, Monday. In the morning, music a short

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time. In the afternoon, a pleasant walk; tasted the chalybeate waters. Evening, a prayer-meeting, which I much enjoyed, though depressed with thoughts of leaving Thetford on the morrow. Mr. C. talked kindly with me on the enjoyment of a future state in heaven.

"Aug 9th. Left Thetford, after a very happy visit, chiefly rendered delightful by the friendship of M——; but also to be remembered with pleasure, as the time in which I became acquainted with Mr. Williams, the devoted Missionary of Polynesia. The Missionary cause has long been dear to my heart, and often do I feel very strong desires to devote myself to the service of Christ in declaring to the heathen the riches of his love. When hearing what God hath wrought for them that sit in darkness, it has been in my heart, 'Lord, here am I, send me.' I know myself to be utterly unworthy of so distinguished an honour, but should the providence of a gracious God favour my wishes, may I account it the greatest privilege, to spend my days in communicating to others the benefits of that everlasting gospel, in which, I trust, has been revealed to me 'the pearl of great price.' O precious Jesus! may the robe of thy righteousness be cast over the defilement of my soul! May I be daily deriving fresh supplies of grace out of thy infinite fulness, and be rendered more and more willing to give up all and follow thee; even *beloved friends* and *native land*, if such be thy will."

May our beloved Mary's zeal in the holy cause of Missions, be to us a stimulus to engage in it with

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renewed ardour. Every day it is becoming dearer to the heart of the children of God. Whether considered as an efficient instrument in hastening the period when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and He, whose right it is, shall reign for ever; or as the great moral remedy, which shall heal the maladies, and mitigate the sorrows, of sinful men; it has surpassing claims upon our regard. Till lately, the church has been in a state of unbroken sleepiness and inactivity on this most interesting subject; and even now, how slightly is it moved! Would we convert the world? Much, nay, almost every thing remains to be done. There are still the regions of darkness to be enlightened, and the victims of superstition to be set free; there are the captives of Satan to be rescued, and the earth-bound sons of Adam to be told of heaven, and millions of sinners to be pointed to Calvary. All this, and more than this, remains to be done. There is the glory of God to be advanced; there is the love of a crucified Redeemer to be made known; there is the cross to be lifted up as an ensign to the people, that they may give praise to Him who died thereon. Who will say that the task is yet accomplished? Who will affirm that the world is subdued? that there are no more trophies to be won of Jesus' victory? no more gems to deck his mediatorial diadem? no more crowns to be cast at his sacred feet? But to whom does the church turn with prayerful anxiety to carry on the work of the Lord? or rather, to whom does the

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Saviour turn, and, displaying the wounds in his feet, in his hands, and in his side, with a piercing look of tenderness, inquire, "Lovest thou me?" It is to those who have given their first affections to God, who in the spring of life have been touched by his grace, who in the prime of their days have taken his yoke upon them which is easy, and his burden which is light; it is to the young, the rising generation. Would these devote their best energies to a worthy cause; would they employ their youthful strength on that which shall repay their toil; would they seek some object on which, without danger, they might expend their young life's enthusiasm; would they lay up for themselves treasures in heaven which fail not, and bags that wax not old,—let them bring their labour, their property, and even their persons, and give them all to the Saviour of men.

Oh! let any who have never before seriously reflected on the duty they owe to God and man in this important particular, think of it now. Let them think of the Missionary's work, and while they call to mind its peculiar difficulties and sorrows, let them not overlook its peculiar joys and reward. Let them turn to the period when the Missionary's work shall be ended; when the hand that pointed out life and salvation to the perishing heathen, shall grasp a branchy palm of victory; when the garments that were faded and worn by Missionary labour, shall be exchanged for the bright robes of incorruptible purity; when the head that shrank not from the noon-tide ardour of an

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Eastern sun, nor the falling snows of the frigid North, if but ignorant men might be instructed, and the guilty taught to apply for pardon, shall wear a crown of righteousness; and many ransomed sinners shall be the joy of the Missionary, in the day of the Lord.

Blessed are they who thus "go through the gates and prepare the way, and cast up the high-way for the people, and gather out the stones, and lift up a standard for the people." "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for *them*, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." But it is not for all thus to act. Blessed also are they, who, while they tarry at home, devote themselves to the same great object, in a different way, it is true, but in one no less needful. They all shall rejoice together.

What might have been the result of Mary's strong desire to tell of the unsearchable riches of Christ to the perishing heathen, if her life had been spared and her health established, we cannot say. It was produced by no temporary excitement, but was a deeply cherished affection, the result of her love to Christ, and supreme anxiety to promote, in some humble measure, the glory of Him, who "had loved *her*, and given *himself* for *her*." On her dying bed, she reminded her mamma of her once strong wish on this subject, and added—"But God saw I was not fit for that, therefore he prevented it."

Her visit to Thetford was the last she ever paid. The friend whom she there visited, says of it, "Our short season of intercourse last year will ever be re-

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membered by me with deep interest. Could we have known it to be our last, what a chastened influence would have been shed over it! As it was, she discovered, as I then thought, an evident *meetness* for the inheritance of the saints in light. Heaven seemed the home of her affections. She was far from well when she came to us, but her natural ardour in the pursuit of knowledge had not forsaken her. She would rise very early, in spite of my most earnest exhortations, and though a head-ach was often the result, would spend some time in study before breakfast. Our Missionary meeting was held during her stay with us, and very deep was the interest she took in its exciting details. Our last walk together I shall never forget. It was so like the *last*. The sweet and sacred influence of her conversation that evening I shall always cherish with delight. One little proposal that she made will, I think, interest you, it being so like herself. In order to turn our remembrance of each other to some useful account, she proposed that we should once a week engage in some effort *to do good*, with a special recollection of each other. Gathering a sprig of forget-me-not, she said, 'I will put it in your Bible, dear, that you may think of me in your best moments.' There it remains in its faded beauty, an affectingly apt memorial of her who placed it there."

During her stay at Thetford, Mary penned the following letter to her friend, Miss H——.

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" Thetford, July 25th, 1836.

" My dear R——,

You will be surprised at receiving a letter from me bearing the date of Thetford, but, remembering the long time I have been in your debt, I have availed myself of the leisure which visiting affords me, for sending you a few lines, to assure you of my unabated affection, and also to affirm that, although our epistolary intercourse has been so long suspended, it is very far from my wish that it should be discontinued. Indeed I consider it a privilege to receive communications from you, whenever I can be so favoured, and am desirous of doing as much as I am able in my few hours of recreation, to keep up so valuable a correspondence. Your letters, I assure you, are treasured up in my desk, and are considered, as they deserve to be, gems of the casket. It is the spirit of piety that pervades them, my dear R——, that stamps them with value; it is the kind admonitions they contain, the heavenly things they speak of, which render them so precious. Long may your pen be permitted to dictate the holy truths for which you now employ it. Long may you be spared to pronounce to those who love you, the endearing name of Jesus. I thought much of you yesterday, my beloved friend, and felt some anxiety lest the rain should deprive you of the high treat of hearing Mr. Williams. He was here on Friday, and gave us delightful accounts of his labours in the South Seas. In the afternoon, he preached

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from Eph. iii. 8, 'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ;' a text beautifully suited to a Missionary. As he was at the house of Mr. B——, with whom I am staying, I had the advantage of his domestic conversation, which was very pleasing; and was also privileged to take several walks with him, during which he entertained us with relations of many Polynesian customs. He gave us a beautiful description of the bread-fruit tree, and was altogether a most interesting companion. You may suppose that his company was considered agreeable, when I tell you that my friend M—— and I rose at five the next morning, that we might catch his last words before he took leave of us. Is it not delightful to think of the great success that has attended his labours? Surely he must feel the joy of those who have been the instruments under God of turning many to righteousness; and may we not expect that in him the promise will be fulfilled, 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever?'

"I suppose Mrs. C—— has told you of the misfortune which awaited me last Tuesday at Harleston. But although I met with a severe disappointment, the day was not unproductive of pleasure. The very great kindness which, in an hour of extremity, I received from both Mr. and Mrs. C——, will, I am sure, cause me to remember them with gratitude and affection. We are rather hoping to have your good

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pastor to preach next Sunday. I would ask for *three* lines, but dare not be so covetous, as I do not deserve them." * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

On Mary's arrival at home, she found that her dear parents were absent, on account of the death of her maternal grandfather, to which reference has been already made. At this time her increasing spirituality of mind began to display itself. A friend says in a letter, which has been written since her departure to be with Christ,—"On dear Mary's return from Thetford, we were all delighted with the improvement in her appearance; her spirits were unusually good, and each of us looked forward with no small degree of pleasure to her dear mother's return, that she also might be cheered by the animated countenance and apparently established health of this beloved daughter; but 'His thoughts were not as our thoughts.' Mrs. Lincolne, you know, was never allowed to see her otherwise than the tranquil, patient subject of weakness or pain. I should tell you that when our dear friend returned from 'Mr. B——'s, there was a marked difference in the spirituality of her mind. So great was the change, that I could not regard it but with a painful pleasure, because we are accustomed to say and feel on such occasions, that the object of our solicitude is ripening for glory. She did not, as usual, go to her own room with her affectionate F——, but to the little hallowed spot, where she spent so many

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of the latter weeks of her life; it was more retired, and she said she loved 'to be alone with God.' Her timidity and humility had, on previous occasions, prevented her from asking a blessing, when the heads of the family were absent; but now she did it with a firmness and solemnity of manner, that surprised F—— and myself. She conducted family worship, i. e. read a form of prayer, occasionally using her own words; and for *her* to have *courage* for this was something so new. I could not help feeling how greatly she had grown in grace. Never, never shall I forget the sabbath evening after the death of the excellent Mr. Napier. We met that evening, though with painful, yet with pleasing emotions. All who knew that devoted servant of God loved and esteemed him, and dear Mary made a remark something to this effect;—'We cannot help mourning when God is pleased to remove so exemplary a man and a Christian from the church below: he is a loss to the church, and a public loss; but He who has seen it good to call him home, can soon fill up the vacant place, or perhaps he may remove more of His children on earth to the rest above. How often are those whom we call the pillars of the church removed, that we may have our eyes drawn off from the creature, to Jehovah alone!' Then with her own emphasis she exclaimed, 'I loved grandpapa, but cannot grieve that he is safely landed on the shores of the heavenly Canaan.' It was rather unusual for her to volunteer her services at the piano; that evening she did, and, while we were assembled for

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family devotion, played to those beautiful words, which she selected as appropriate for the occasion, 'Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,' &c. She afterwards read a chapter from Corinthians, I think, and then *began* reading a form of prayer, but long before she closed, she poured out her soul in words so simple, so touching, so earnest, that more than one left the room in tears. Most affectionately did she pray that the bereaving providence might be sanctified; that mourning friends might be comforted by the prospect of a joyful meeting above to part no more; and that her beloved parents might return to their dwelling in peace. Before she finished these petitions, her voice faltered, her courage failed, and she concluded rather abruptly. After supper we sang again, and Mary joined with remarkable animation, and much more energy than usual."

It was on the Wednesday following, that our beloved friend was attacked by that indisposition which gradually carried her to the tomb. But it is delightful to pause on this part of her history, and remark how evidently her heavenly Father was fitting his child to dwell with him in eternal glory. He had given her those manifest tokens of his love, and that happiness in communion with him, with which she had never before been so eminently favoured; and which she could remember with gratitude, when afterwards oppressed by physical weakness and pain. When about to exercise his people with trial, the Lord not unfrequently prepares them for the event by a season

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of much spiritual enjoyment. Thus gently did he deal with our departed Mary; gladdened and refreshed by the rivers of his grace, she was ready to suffer cheerfully whatever it might be for the glory of God that she should be called upon to endure. "Strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus," her faith was not to be shaken by any sudden blast of adversity. "The joy of the Lord was her strength," and as her spirit found delight in the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness, she was invigorated by his beams. Her lamp was burning, and she was as a servant waiting for the coming of her Lord. Already her thoughts and her affections were in heaven; already her soul leaped forward to the celestial portal; already the glory of heaven seemed, in some measure, to be shed over her, and to have lit up in her heart a holy flame, which continued to burn brighter and brighter, till at last her glad spirit burst its fetters and soared to heaven, to join for ever in the services of the heavenly temple.

On the evening of the Wednesday already mentioned, she was attacked with hemorrhage, which appeared to be from the lungs. This, of course, occasioned indescribable anxiety to the members of her family, especially as Mr. and Mrs. Lincolne were from home; but Mary herself was perfectly tranquil and composed. Towards the close of the following day, she wrote a note to a young friend, in answer to an invitation which she had received from her. However imprudent this act might be, it must be remembered that

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Mary always gave herself credit for more strength than she possessed; and could not bear the idea of indulging in unusual, though necessary, repose. Though obliged to remain in bed the greater part of the day, she would not give up the instruction of her younger sisters, but went on, not only with that, but with her own studies, in spite of her great weakness.

"Dearest ———,

Thank you sincerely for your kind note and affectionate sympathy; to which I must reply as briefly as possible. It was quite a balm, coming to me as it did on the couch of sickness; but do not be alarmed, as I have not been there long. Indeed, my health has of late been so much better that I have felt as it were another creature; but last evening I was suddenly seized with a violent fit of hemorrhage, which rather alarmed us, and has occasioned my keeping in bed to-day for fear of its returning. Thinking it safe, we have applied for medical aid, and I am expecting a call this evening. This, my beloved ———, is merely intended to put me in remembrance that this is not my rest. May it quicken me to greater diligence in the service of our Redeemer. Indeed, my friend, however sorry I am to do so, I *must* defer my long anticipated visit to Wrentham. I have been out so much that I shall not be in the path of duty to leave home again. But I cannot give up the thought of seeing you. * * * * * * * * * * I want your counsel, your prayers,

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your presence. Blessings rest upon you, dearest! Excuse this writing; my hand trembles. Do not alarm any one about me; you had better keep it to yourself."

On Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Lincolne returned home, to the great joy of their affectionate family. Mary continued very unwell, but on the Saturday wrote to her friend, Miss B. We shall give a few extracts from her letter, to show the great tranquillity and happiness she enjoyed, notwithstanding her alarming symptoms.

"Halesworth, Aug. 20th, 1836.

* * * * * * * * * * Grandpapa bade adieu to his earthly habitation on Sunday week, my last Sunday at Thetford. Little did I think, when so happy with you, that my own home was the house of mourning. Mamma went to Little Waltham, the week before last; and in much mercy was permitted to reach it in time to hear the last words, and to close the eyes, of her beloved parent. She did not return till last evening, and oh! what a delight it was to see her again! it seemed an age since I had last heard the sweet and soothing tones of a mother's voice. Surely, my dear M——, no earthly blessing can exceed the gift of kind, affectionate parents. Long may you and I, who, I trust, know the value of *Christian parents*, possess and appreciate such a privilege. You cannot think what satisfaction it afforded me, that I did not yield to your kind and pressing invitations to prolong

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my stay with you. It was so proper that I should be at home at such a season: my help, feeble as it was, was really wanted. * * * * *

"I think the blessing for which we should be especially importunate is, that we may be filled with the Spirit of Christ. If we were more concerned that 'whatsoever we do' should be done 'to the glory of God,' we should not suffer the vanities, the insignificances of time to absorb so much of our thoughts, our actions, and our conversation. Since my return home, I have received many congratulations on my improvement in look, health, and spirits, and indeed, my stay at Thetford was of essential service to me. But 'God, who is rich in mercy,' and who knows the proneness of my heart to withdraw its affections from himself, has sent me a gentle warning that 'this is not my rest.' Three evenings since, just after retiring to rest, I was seized with slight coughing and a violent expectoration of blood, which continued at intervals about an hour and a half. By remaining in bed nearly the whole of the next day, and applying vinegar to the chest, a return of the hemorrhage has been prevented, but I am obliged to be kept quiet and without exertion. I am at present under the care of a medical attendant, who has this morning given it as his opinion, that the flow was *not* from the lungs. This is a great alleviation to the anxiety of my friends, and we hope that all will go on well. For myself, I *know*, my dearest friend, that I am in the hands of a gracious and indulgent Father, and

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that he will afflict me no more than is necessary for my good. Oh! how great is his mercy! how gentle the stroke with which he has chastised me! Pray for me, my beloved M——, that this 'light affliction' may be much for my spiritual benefit, and that it may 'work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' * * * * *

"I very much enjoyed my ride with your dear papa to Bungay. He endeavoured to impress upon my mind, that too great taciturnity was a fault that ought to be avoided, and might be overcome. O conscience! thou art a faithful monitor: did I not feel thy gentle prickings? I know your papa does not consider me of the loquacious kind, but I am always awed by the presence of superiors.

"Write just when convenient. I do not wish to hasten you in the least, but beg just to say, do not delay writing so long that you are ashamed to do it at all. Indeed, I hope you do not intend any more such tricks, or I shall think you have furnished me with a reason of being offended, if I felt so inclined." * *
* * * * * * * *

On the next day, the sabbath, Mary was seized with a second attack of hemorrhage, much more violent than the former, and which was decidedly pronounced to be from the lungs. By this attack she was reduced to a state of extreme weakness. Monday was a day of most painful anxiety; the pulse of the dear patient was at 130, and she was so weak as to be

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scarcely able to bear a whisper in the room; but God was pleased to lengthen out her life, that she might exhibit on earth an example of patient endurance, of holy acquiescence in the will of her Father, and of cheerful piety, which should redound to the Divine glory, ere she was admitted to join "the general assembly and church of the first-born." For some weeks she was unable to do any thing, or to bear any conversation; but her mind was in peace. To one expressing some anxiety on her account, she smilingly said, "I am in better hands than yours." On being asked if she was fully aware of her danger at the time of her second attack, she answered, "Oh yes." "And how did you feel?" "I cannot tell you; I felt calm, yet indescribably; I could not desire either to live or die; I had not one anxious thought; but my heavenly Father sees fit that I should tarry here a little longer." She then said with what pleasure she had been dwelling on her visit at Thetford in company with Mr. Williams the Missionary, and another minister of Christ, who had given her a simple and beautiful explanation of Psal. xxiii. 4, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;" of which she always spoke with pleasure as so consolatory. "Death to the Christian is but a *shadow* of terror; the reality is not dreadful." "We then," says the friend with whom she was conversing, "spoke a little on unbelief;" and after gently chiding me for indulging a doubting spirit, she said, "How much enjoyment do the children of God deprive

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themselves of by it! and how they thus injure the cause of their Redeemer, when they might be promoting his glory! If we did but walk more by faith and less by sight, how much nearer would the church below be allied to the church above!"

The first time she used her pen when her strength had sufficiently returned, was in writing to a young friend.

"My dearest ———,

I cannot refrain from writing a word, as God has given me strength to do it. Indeed, I am quite well enough to see you. Come and let us magnify the Lord together. My kindest love to you all. Ever, my beloved ———,

Your affectionate
MARY."

The following was to the same, a few days after.

"My dearly beloved Friend,

What delight I feel at the prospect of seeing you so soon! Oh! do come to-morrow *very early*, that we may have a long day together. You cannot think how much better I am; my doctor has just told me I look better than I did before I was ill, and really you could not tell from my appearance that I had been suffering; my strength too is quickly returning. On Tuesday I made my first attempt at walking from the *sofa* to the *table*, yesterday I extended my journey

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to the window, and to-day am quite agile in my pedestrian excursions. But, oh! my dear ——, how contrary to all expectation have I been thus raised up and strengthened! May I never forget the loving-kindness of Him, who, though he saw it needful to place his erring child in the furnace, was himself sitting by the while, as 'a refiner and purifier of silver.' How light has been this affliction, and how sweet to know that it is 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth!' Pray for me, my dearest love, that this short period of suffering may be for my soul's *much benefit*, and for the *great* glory of God; that it may yield in me 'the peaceable fruit of righteousness,' 'that I may be made a partaker of his holiness.' I do trust it is my desire to be more 'renewed in the spirit of my mind;' but oh! that law within me warring against the law of the Spirit of God, and 'bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.' 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'—My dear friend, I sometimes question, Am I a child of God? Can I be serving Christ, who am so deficient in 'the fruits of the Spirit?' I want to *feel* more the presence of my heavenly Father; to feel more that he 'is mine, and I am his;' that he is with me always, and 'will never leave me nor forsake me.' And yet I know that he is a faithful God; that his word is true and stedfast; and his 'promises yea and amen' to them that believe. Oh! then, for a greater measure of faith, to be drawing continually out of his fulness, and receiving grace upon grace!" * * *

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The affliction with which she was now exercised, was eminently blessed to dear Mary; it strengthened her holy principles, and increased her love to that Saviour, "who," to use her own language, was "dealing so gently" with her; it invigorated her graces, and matured her piety, and was as the refreshing rain descending from heaven upon the tender plant, which, though for a moment bent beneath it, soon lifts its head, and sheds a fragrance richer than ever. But she never recovered; the withering hand of consumption had touched her, and the delight of our eyes was ere long to be removed. For a time she was better; then again worse; and sometimes she would revive so much as to astonish those to whom she was the dear object of unceasing solicitude. The letters which she wrote during her illness, afford evidence of the cheerful and heavenly frame of mind, in which she was preserved. Who that can peruse them, or could hear the words of trust in her Saviour that fell from her lips, or could see the peace of God beaming in her countenance, but must be convinced that there was something more than shadowy, something supernatural and Divine, in that religion, by which a young mind, just opening on the world, and by nature ready to enter with alacrity into its pursuits and pleasures, was supported, and filled with joy unspeakable, in the midst of suffering, and in the anticipation of death?

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TO MISS B.

"September 19th, 1836.

"My dear E——r,

I feel this morning so strong a propensity to write to you, that I really cannot refrain from doing so. You may think it a foolish thing in me to feel thus, while I am so near to you, but you must remember that invalids have whims; and should you think this a whim, I am sure you will forgive it, because it is one of *mine*. You cannot tell how much pleasure it gives me, to have you near me once more, nor how increasingly dear to me our late separation has rendered you. What a tribute of gratitude is due to our heavenly Father, who has watched over us both, and has permitted us to reunite, and again enjoy the delights of intimate friendship! Oh! my beloved E——r, let our future intercourse be of a character more holy than it has hitherto been, and better calculated to promote our mutual advantage. 'Let our conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ;' let us '*continually* put one another in remembrance of those things' which concern our everlasting interests, 'striving together for the faith' of Jesus. Are not the obligations we owe to the same Saviour, a sufficient motive for our wishing henceforth to resign ourselves more entirely to his service? Are we not sisters in the Lord Jesus? and shall we not then with *one* heart and voice cry, 'Abba, Father?'

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Oh! how delightful to travel hand in hand to Zion! to tread the vale of tears, having indeed the same difficulties to encounter, the same enemies to combat with, the same trials to endure, but yet the *same* God as our Guide and Protector, the *same* Jesus as our Redeemer, and the *same* hope of an eternal reward! Are not these animating thoughts, enough to inspire in us a greater devotedness of zeal, and more ardent fervency of love, to Him 'who gave himself for us, having loved us from the foundation of the world?' Oh! to know more of that exhaustless love which led to the work of our salvation; to feel the flame of sacred affection kindled in our souls with a warmth worthy of such a subject! But to this state of feeling we cannot attain, while there remains within us that law, which is continually warring against the law of the Spirit. We must wait till 'this mortal shall have put on immortality,' and till 'these vile bodies shall be made like unto his glorious body.' Then shall our powers be perfected and sanctified 'to the praise of his glory;' then shall the veil be taken away, and '*we shall be like him*, for we shall see him as he is.' My dearest E——r, how large a claim has God on our gratitude for his recent display of mercy towards us! How unexpectedly have I been raised from the bed of languishing to a renewal of strength and health! Indeed I was brought very low, even to the gates of death; but, in answer to many prayers, I have been for a little longer withheld from the grave. Oh! what *love* has been developed in

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this affliction! ALL has been mercy and compassion, and I would not, if I could, avert the stroke which has been administered with so much kindness. I needed chastisement; and, by its infliction, I am assured that my heavenly Father does not forget his erring child. It was indeed difficult, during the sufferings of last week, to say, 'It is the Lord, *let him do* what seemeth him good!' but blessed be He who hath said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness:' and should a further measure of pain be appointed me, I trust I should have grace given me to bear it with patience, knowing that 'all things *must* work together for good to them that love God.' But, since I have a prospect of returning once more to the world, pray for me, my dear E——r, that I may not be '*of* the world;' but that I may henceforth live to Him, 'who loved me, and gave himself for me,' 'who is also at the right hand of God, and who ever maketh intercession for us.' And how can we perish, while we are the subjects of such prayers as these? No, we cannot perish, for Jesus himself has said of his children, 'Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand;' and we know that 'He who hath begun a good work in us, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.' Let us then think of these things, and stir one another up to every good word and work. 'Let us' remember 'the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls;' and, learning from my own late deprivation of health, the uncertainty of earthly things, which are

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all passing away, let us 'forget the things which are behind, and reach forth unto those which are before,' that, having at length 'finished our course with joy' in this world, we may have 'an abundant entrance' into the glories of the New Jerusalem. With these blessed hopes, dearest E——r, farewell. I did not intend to write so much, but my fingers were unwilling to quit their hold of the pen. Believe me, dear girl,

Ever your affectionate and faithful friend,

MARY."

It is obvious from this letter, as well as from others, how richly her mind was stored with treasures from the word of God. She loved his law; it was her meditation all the day. The Bible was her constant companion; and she quoted Scripture with a fluency and correctness, only to be accounted for by her indefatigable study of the Sacred Volume. She "searched the Scriptures daily," knowing that they were "able to make her wise unto salvation;" and that by them "the man of God might be made perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." A little pocket Testament always lay beside her. If she went for a few hours to another room, her Testament invariably accompanied her; and even if only removed from the bed to the sofa, she was not satisfied till it was placed by her side. Then, whenever an opportunity offered and her strength permitted, she would take up the prized little volume, and feed on the heavenly manna, and drink of the water of life, which nerved her spirit

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with fresh vigour, whilst her frail body was hastening to the tomb. She never liked to hear Scripture quoted inaccurately, and would often correct others, if, in repeating a passage, they were not giving the exact words. The 116th and 119th Psalms were some of her great favourites, with John xiv. and Col. i. The Epistle to the Romans yielded her uncommon delight; she read it again and again during her illness; and said, that every time of perusing it, its beauties became more apparent. On the eighth chapter especially she loved to meditate, and used to repeat with joy the words, "All things *must* work together for good to them that love God;" and, "What shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Her enlarged and intelligent mind delighted to dwell on the literary beauties of Scripture; and she engaged with great interest in the critical study of the Bible. Hers was not the narrow-mindedness to suppose, that an *intellectual* relish for the beauties of inspiration was misplaced or profane; even during her last illness she purchased Calmet's Dictionary, that it might assist her in her favourite occupation: and it was a matter of wonder to her that Christians did not refer more constantly to the word of God, as the storehouse of *all* excellences, both in doctrine and in style, as to a casket full of all kinds and diversities of brilliant gems.

Amongst many methods which Mary employed for Biblical study, we may notice that of searching in the New Testament for those texts which contain a direct fulfilment of any prophecy contained in the Old, and

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of placing them together to display their exact accordance. Her private papers contain some exercises of such a kind as the following, which show how earnestly she was bent on the attainment of Scriptural knowledge.

ATTRIBUTES OF DEITY.

All-seeing	Prov. xv. 3.
Omniscient	1 Sam. ii. 3.
Omnipresent . . .	Psal. cxxxix. 8, 9.
Omnipotent . . .	Psal. cxlvii. 5.
Just	Deut. xxxii. 4.
Merciful	Psal. ciii. 17.
Wise	Col. ii. 3.

She loved the Song of Solomon, and found in some of its expressions what exactly accorded with the warm emotions of her heart. The following beautiful fragment contains a quotation from this rich portion of the Sacred Volume, which exemplifies the above remark.

"The young Christian is like a tree in spring, full of blossoms, fair and beautiful to look upon: the aged Christian is like a tree in autumn, less beautiful, but of greater value, for it is laden with fruit.

"Let those who are young, endeavour to put forth blossoms that shall ripen into fruits of righteousness, that our Beloved may love to 'come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.'"

Mary's love for the Bible made her unwilling to

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leave its hallowed pages for pious works of human composition. "The streams," she said, "were sweeter when they came fresh from the fountain-head." But still there were other books which she read with great interest and profit. Of these, "Russell's Letters" held the first place; they exhibited with so much force and clearness those truths of salvation on which she loved to dwell. With "Mammon" she was so pleased that she read it two or three times; and "The Great Teacher," by the same author, delighted her equally. Of the former she used to say, "It has certainly produced some effect upon me; for it has made me long for cash as I never did before: but it has made me long to get rid of it too. I am afraid of my money's rusting my purse."

But to proceed with her correspondence. The next letter is addressed to Miss H——.

"Halesworth, Sept. 20th, 1836.

"My dearly beloved R——,

Raised by the indulgence of my heavenly Father from the bed of pain and sickness, I am once more enabled to write you a few lines; and oh! what pleasure it gives me to be permitted to hold a little more intercourse with one whose friendship has been so *very* sweet to me! I grieve, my dear R——, that you should have been kept so long in suspense, (as I fear you have been,) from your kind letter to my dear sister being yet unanswered. But you have not been intentionally slighted; when it arrived I was too un-

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well to write, and F—— was by unexpected circumstances called to Norwich, so that I prevailed on my dear friend E—— R—— to give you a line informing you of my health. I know not what account dear E—— has given you, but I am now so very much better that I cannot refrain from telling you so myself, that you, my kind friend, may unite with me in praising Him, who, in answer to many prayers, has lifted me from the borders of the grave; but more especially that you may make it a subject of fervent gratitude, that he has, I trust, shown me how able he is to support and comfort his children in the midst of pain and distressing weakness, and even, when they appear to be entering the valley of the shadow of death, to manifest himself unto them as he does not unto the world. How much I long to see you, dear R——! I hope you and your dear sister will come, if permitted, to the opening of our chapel. We should be so happy to see you, if you could come before the important day, to which I look forward with mingled feelings of hope and fear. * * * * * Thanks, dearest R——, for your kind sympathy during my illness. May you be 'blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places by Christ Jesus,' whose love I trust is shed in both our hearts." *

On the 6th of October, the new Independent chapel at Halesworth was opened. This event yielded dear Mary much pleasure. Through the goodness of God, she was able to attend divine ser-

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vice both morning and afternoon, which was the first time of her going up to the house of God since her illness. Mr. Stratten's eloquent and delightful sermon refreshed her greatly; he brought home to her the comforting truths of the blessed gospel, and her soul "rejoiced for the consolation." The exertion was too much for her weak frame to bear without subsequent suffering; but so great was her joy at being present, that she gladly endured the consequences. Her concern for the advancement of Christ's kingdom was ardent and continual. The promotion of his glory was the great object of her life, and the extension of his gospel lay near her heart. It was because of its subserviency to this great end, that she hailed with delight the erection of a new place of worship in her native town. She had watched with great interest the progress of its building, and considered it a fresh and astonishing act of kindness from the hands of the Lord, that, in spite of her severe and alarming illness and remaining weakness, it was permitted to her to be present at its opening. On the following sabbath she again attended the courts of the Lord, and partook of the memorials of her Saviour's death for the last time: but she now enjoys a nobler feast, in sitting down to the marriage-supper of the Lamb, with Him and with the company of the redeemed, to go no more out for ever.

There are two particulars intimately connected with the spread of Christ's kingdom upon earth, which Mary made the subject of unceasing and fervent

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prayer. These were the PURITY and the UNITY of the church. She earnestly bewailed the careless conversation of professing Christians, and lamented that the Saviour was thus wounded in the house of his friends. Her humility led her to refrain generally from expressing her opinion on such points, as she thought it might argue that she did not partake of the common failing; and she felt herself, as she termed it, "the least in the fold of Christ," and having consequently the least right of all to censure. But, to those chosen friends with whom she was as *one*, she would thus express her undisguised sorrow that the church of God was not more awake to the greatness of its obligation and the responsibility of its trust. "If those who love the Saviour, sought to adorn the gospel, and showed to others that they were walking humbly and closely with God, would not the salvation of the world be soon achieved? And if we *prayed* more, how much more would be done! Why do not we pray more? We deserve not to have blessings, for we will not ask for them. Why is there not more *love* among Christians? When we think of the strong tie that unites them, it is strange that they should ever indulge in quarrels. Why do they raise barriers to hinder their brotherly communion, and insist so much on their differences, since they are all *one* in Christ? If we did but set an example to the world of love and of unity, I believe our efforts to spread abroad the knowledge of Christ would be more abundantly blessed."

In the composition of her mind, there was a large

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infusion of pensiveness, which, if she had not striven against it, would have degenerated into that morbid feeling which unfits for duty, and even for life. As it was, however, it only served to shade her character from those who cared not to discover it, while to others it endeared her with a tenderness not to be described, nay, not to be thought of without emotion, now that death has hid her from their eyes.

Her own religious experience was never the subject of conversation, except to one or two endeared young friends, who were privileged to share her joys and sorrows. To these she would speak freely, and tell of what she had seen and handled of the word of life; and they, who felt the little progress they had made, compared with her, in the divine life, who looked up to her as to one who had been much with Jesus, and who had attained a holy elevation of character, springing from the sacred influence of intimate and constant communion with her Saviour, delighted to sit and listen to those lips which were ever ready to speak of Him. Often have they been refreshed by the encouraging and gracious words of this young disciple: and the remembrance of those hallowed conversations remains in their hearts, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, as a spring of heavenly consolation, by whose streams their souls may be yet watered, and by it she "being dead, yet speaketh."

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TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

"Halesworth, Oct. 22nd, 1836.

"My own beloved ———,

Do not, as soon as you see my hand-writing, begin to reprove me for doing a forbidden thing, as I intend to write but little; only I cannot help indulging the desire I feel just to send you a *few lines*. And inasmuch as I suppose you would like to know how I have been, how I am, and how I am likely to be, I intend to indulge your curiosity, and to make myself the burden of my song. In the first place, then, after you left me on Tuesday, I was so cheered by the delightful retrospection of the days which your society had rendered happy, that I was enabled to think of your departure without tears, and to maintain a tolerably calm frame of mind through the remainder of that and the whole of the following day. But on the Thursday I began to flag, either in body or mind, I know not which, but perhaps in both, as they commonly act in unison, and continued very unwell for several days. These feelings were followed by a revival, and that was succeeded by a period of more indisposition than I have had for some time; in which way I commenced this week, suffering much from head-ach and great languor at intervals. But yesterday I again felt on a sudden *uncommonly well*. From these details, my dearest ———, I leave you to form your own opinion concerning me. I feel

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quite ashamed at having said so much about myself, but I know it is *your* wish that I should be circumstantial; and it is to gratify your kind anxiety, that I have been thus minute on a subject worthy least of all to be dwelt upon. I do not feel at all solicitous about my recovery, perhaps not so much as it is my duty to feel. We must use the means, and leave the event to our heavenly Father, who 'doeth all things well.' Your dear letter acted like a cordial on me, raising my spirits 50°." * * * *

TO THE SAME.

"Halesworth, Monday evening.
From my couch.

"My dearest Love,

I have been craving permission to write to you, and have at last obtained leave to make use of my pen for a short time. To-day I have been charmingly; the lovely weather has quite exhilarated me. I hope you were satisfied with the account I gave of myself on Saturday, although you must have thought me a complete egotist. I took a most delightful ride this morning: the air clear and salubrious; nature lovely and enchanting; it was health to gaze on its beauties. Remember I have Mr. B.'s sanction for riding out, so do not be alarmed. 'Who shall decide when doctors disagree?' By the by, I have a message from mamma; she sends her kind love, and asks, 'what is to be done with the tar-water?' She has made two

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quarts of this delicious beverage, and it lies on one side as a useless commodity. Do, dear nurse, direct us how to act in this emergency." * *

TO THE SAME.

"Halesworth, Nov. 12th, 1836.

* * * * * * * *

"To one who is enduring chastisement, it is delightful to know that this is one of the means, adopted by our heavenly Father, for the spiritual growth of his children. It is only for the present that 'it seemeth to be grievous,' but, 'afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby.' And ought we not to rejoice at any dispensation which is designed to effect the glorious result of producing in us 'the fruits of the Spirit?' 'Yea; and *we will rejoice.*' Oh that the purpose for which God visits his chosen with affliction may be fully answered in me; that I may come out of the furnace as gold seven times purified; that I may be more assimilated to the holy character of Him who 'did no sin,' and whose word is, 'Be ye holy, for I am holy!' How much is done to make me happy! Oh! I wish I could feel more thankful, more filled with love to the Author of all our mercies; that I could say with greater ardour of gratitude, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' * * * Mamma sends her *kindest love*, and hopes you will not fail to come. Fix your own time, I promise to

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be open-armed to receive you. You will consider me much better in some respects. I am stronger, and now and then mischievous (an infallible symptom of improvement). I love my little room; you know I am fond of retirement; yet the visits of my friends are an agreeable change.

'I praise the Frenchman; his remark was shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me just a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.'

"I often think of you, and love to remember that I too am present in your thoughts. Yes, we WILL love one another, and by this shall it be known that we are His disciples, who hath himself loved and redeemed us. Let us often commend each other to his care; then shall we be safe and happy. 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in, through the gates, into the city.'" * * * * * *

TO THE SAME.

"Halesworth, Tuesday morning.

"My dearest ———,

As an extension of the cord draws a knot the tighter, so does every separation render you increasingly dear to me. Your beloved image has been before me a thousand times since we parted, and every fresh recollection is sweeter than the former. How happy we are in being so dear to each other! Is it not a

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delightful employment to look back on the hours we have spent together? Yet there is something even better than these retrospections. Far more delightful is it to indulge in *anticipation* of the enjoyment that awaits us in a union that will be eternal. Oh blissful thought, to meet and *part no more!* and to meet in *heaven*, in the mansions prepared by our Father! This is the height of our blessedness, to dwell in the presence of our Redeemer, and see him 'face to face,' ascribing for ever, 'honour, and glory, and power,' 'unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.' O my beloved friend, it requires grace to enable us patiently to wait for the realization of such glorious hopes. But patience is one of the fruits of the Spirit, and it will be given us. I am as gay as a lark this morning, but in sad disgrace with my doctor for venturing out last week. He fancies I have a degree of inflammation in the wind-pipe, and has prescribed leeches as a remedy. This perhaps is done just to frighten me into obedience; nevertheless to the leeches I must pay my *devoirs* this evening, and be less refractory in future. 'Tis such a consolation to think that, in my last ride, you were my companion." * * * * * *

TO MISS B.

"Halesworth, Nov. 2nd, 1836.

"My dear M——,

What pleasure I feel in being able to renew a correspondence which indisposition has interrupted!

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I can write but little, as I suffer from severe head-ach after only slight exertion; yet, as your letter was the first I received during my illness, I feel that one of the first efforts of my pen ought to be to acknowledge your kindness, and to express the gratification which hearing from you afforded me. How little we thought, when we parted, that one of us was so soon to be brought to the very verge of the grave! On the day after I had written to you, I was attacked a second time with so much alarming violence, that in a few hours my strength was completely prostrated, and I was unable to speak, or scarcely to lift a finger. But our God is gracious. 'I was brought low, and he helped me.' 'He woundeth, and his hands make whole.' Through his loving-kindness and tender compassion, I have been raised from the bed of sickness, and restored in some measure to health. It was on the 17th of August that I was taken ill, and perhaps it will surprise you to be told that I was sufficiently recovered by the 6th of October, to ride down to our new chapel, which was then opened; and I bore the excitement better than was anticipated. I have also, for three sabbaths, been allowed to attend one part of the day. Oh what a privilege to go up to the courts of the Lord, 'to worship in his holy temple!' But this blessing is mine no longer. I have a cough remaining, which renders it unsafe for me to venture out again, and my lungs are in so delicate a state, that it is considered necessary to confine me to one apartment. It is therefore decided that I am not to quit

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my own room through the winter, my kind friends fondly hoping that the renovating influence of spring may yet restore me. But I am in the hands of my heavenly Father, and it is delightful to know that 'he doeth all things well.' How precious to be assured that 'whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth,' and that when we endure his inflicted chastisement, 'he is dealing with us as with his children!' And shall we repine at any dispensation, which, though it seems for the present grievous, is designed as a manifestation of his love toward us? Oh no! our Emmanuel cannot be unkind. 'He wounds us for his mercy's sake; he wounds to heal.' Knowing our proneness to derive happiness from other sources besides himself, he for a while deprives us of our earthly enjoyments, that we may give our affections more entirely to heavenly objects, and receive our joys from him alone, who is the true fountain of blessedness. I hope the prayers of my beloved M—— will ascend to our Father, that this illness, whether it should terminate in life or in death, may be for the glory of his name. Entreat that my graces may not languish, but that though I am debarred from attendance in his house of praise, I may yet enjoy *His* presence, whose 'favour is better than life.' Oh! may we both enjoy *much* of his love, and the guidance of his Holy Spirit, acknowledging that 'there is none upon earth we can desire beside him.' 'He is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.'" * * *

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TO MISS H.

" Halesworth, Nov. 23rd, 1836.

" My ever dear and valued R——,

I know not how to express in sufficiently grateful terms the joy which your kind letter afforded me. I had been thinking much of you, and had resolved to write, I fear, from a selfish motive, the hope of being indulged with an answer; little imagining that your silence was caused by indisposition. It was very painful to me, my beloved friend, to learn that you have been a severe sufferer; but a sweet consolation to know that you are in the hands of One who loves you, who even 'gave himself for you,' and who will make 'all things work together for your good.' I desire to feel exceedingly grateful to our heavenly Father, who has restored you again to your dear family, and permitted me to enjoy once more the privilege of your correspondence. How unworthy I am, dearest R——, to receive your affectionate epistles! I now feel them to be greater treasures than ever, and intercourse with you a high enjoyment. I could wish that we were more conveniently situated for *personal* communication, but since this is not the case, we will still sustain our friendship by an interchange of letters, and rejoice that distance cannot in any degree diminish the strength of our attachment; which I trust was founded on our possessing a mutual interest in the glorious blessings revealed in the everlasting gospel of

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peace. How delightful to know, that even in this world, while separated by distance, we are yet *one in spirit*, and fellow-heirs of an eternal inheritance! are animated by the same hopes, redeemed by the same compassionate Saviour, through whom 'we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father!' We are not so far apart as we are apt to imagine; for does not love unite us? love to each other, and love to our Lord? 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' I trust we have this test of discipleship; but oh for hearts filled with greater ardour of love to him who is 'the Author of our salvation,' 'the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls,' 'who hath given himself for our restoration, and washed us from our sins in his own blood!' Can it be possible that there should exist coldness and indifference towards such a Friend? Oh! hard and unbelieving hearts, that will not suffer us to devote our affections to the Saviour as we would, but will be carnal, and unholy, and deviating. I find it difficult to maintain a state of spiritual-mindedness, and to feel at *all* times that confidence in God, which his lovely character should inspire. But this inconstancy shall not always continue. Our God is able to 'make all grace abound towards us;' and he will 'shed abroad his own love in our hearts,' and render us 'complete in Christ.' Blessed anticipation! to be made 'holy even as he is holy,' to be clothed in the 'white garment' of our Lord Jesus' perfect righteousness, and to sing the 'new song' of praise in the heavenly Jeru-

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salem unto God and the Lamb for ever! Does not such a prospect kindle a glow of ecstasy within you? Well may we be told to 'rejoice evermore,' for we have a theme that shall call for a song of triumph throughout eternity. What a blessing is affliction! How calculated to weaken our attachment to worldly objects; to teach us that below 'all is vanity!'

"I am very much better than I was when I had the pleasure of seeing you in our new chapel, am gaining strength; but my lungs are delicate, and it is considered that I ought not to leave my room during the winter; so that, by my doctor's decree, which, like the law of the Medes and Persians, 'altereth not,' I am confined to one apartment, and thus debarred from the privilege of attendance on the house of God. But the temple in which the King of Zion delighteth to dwell, is the *hearts* of his children; there may He ever find an altar erected for his glory, from which is offered up the sacrifice of prayer and praise. How I wish, dear R——, that circumstances could bring us together; but I fear your health would not allow, in this season, a visit to Halesworth. We must be patient.

"Do not use your pen, till you feel *perfectly* able to do so without pain. Dear head! it shall soon bear 'an eternal weight of glory;' it shall ere long wear the golden crown of righteousness. May every suffering render Christ increasingly precious to our souls!" * * * * * * * * *

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TO A FRIEND.

"Halesworth, Dec. 3rd, 1836.

* * * * * * * *

"But my own sensations after you were gone! they were indescribable! I paced up and down the room like one disconsolate and left alone!—alone!—Yet I was not alone, for 'the Father was with me;' and it cheered me to remember that He whom we love, was watching over us both, and perhaps, at the same time, reminding each of us of that hour, when 'we shall meet to part no more.' Oh! blessed hope of an eternal union in which we may indulge through Christ! Surely, with such anticipations, we might ever be singing, 'Oh! that will be joyful.' To have our passage through this life smoothed by the joy we feel in bearing love to each other, is delightful; but to have a mutual friend in *Jesus*, to be 'one in *Him*,' this is bliss unspeakable and divine. Yet how cold are our hearts towards him, how devoid of love and zeal! Oh that my eyes could weep tears of more bitter repentance for my want of devotedness to his service, for the inconstancy of my affections, and for my barrenness in all 'the fruits of the Spirit!' But there is a fulness in Christ, and from this ever-flowing fountain, we may draw the waters of everlasting life, and be daily receiving 'grace for grace.' * * * * * * * I feel that it is no virtue to be contented within, while there is so little to invite in the

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outer world; but when spring returns with her flowerets and singing birds, how I shall long to gaze at the blue heavens, and run wild o'er the meadows again! You know my passion for nature. I cannot feel desolate while there is a flower in my room. To-day a nosegay has been sent me, and it seems 'an angel's visit.' Ought it not to remind me of that land where '*everlasting* spring abides, and *never withering* flowers?' * * * Oh! if you knew how I am treated, positively oppressed with kindness. But, *dearest* girl, farewell. You will remember that we are still *one*, and that I must ever remain,

Your fondly attached and constant

MARY."

"I shall think of you to-morrow, dearest, partaking of the memorials of Jesus' love. You also will think of me, and pray that I may not be left comfortless. *It strikes nine.*"

TO THE SAME.

"Halesworth, Tuesday evening, Dec. 6th, 1836.

"My very dearest Friend,

It is a whim to begin writing to you now, as it may be a week before I can send any thing *Wrenthamward;* but I cannot forbear, the impulse is so urgent. I want you to know how happy I am in hearing again from dear R——; and the sight of a letter enclosed for you, gave me as much pleasure as

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my own. Oh! these *glad* moments, when friend has intercourse with friend! Remember that R—— has written at my intercession; and if I should send the epistle unopened, I trust you will allow me the full credit due to such forbearance, as I feel a strange and most unbecoming desire to break the seal, and, having enjoyed the contents myself, to send them to you second-hand. Now do not call me naughty, for indisposition does sometimes affect me, by putting into my head sadly mischievous propositions, from which calamity, my friends, alas! are more likely to suffer than myself. In answer to your very kind and numerous queries, Mr. B—— did call last Thursday, and pronounced me 'considerably better;' yet advised a parley with the leeches once a week, as likely to benefit my unmelodious throat. I did not suffer greatly on Tuesday evening from head-ach, but preserved a frame of mind as tranquil as could be expected, after enduring the pang of your departure. I have not risen to breakfast since you left, but have quietly partaken of my solitary meal in the tent of indolence. The excitement of Thursday was borne pretty well; and resolving, with my usual prudence, not to venture into the heated room after tea, I had E——r's society in my own apartment. On Friday, I was a *romp*, and had a wrestling-match with Napier! and on Saturday *vice versa*, as my letter has, by this time, informed you; but I am now about as usual, with alternations of bright and gloomy feelings, to which I am sometimes subject. The former, I think, more frequently prevail,

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and should always when I think of *you*, 'but ah! the cruel glass between.' Think of me whenever you are awake at twelve o'clock. I am seldom asleep at that hour, and the stillness of midnight is so delightful; such strange, mysterious feelings creep over the soul: you can imagine yourself alone in the world; all other human beings lulled into sleep, and you alone privileged to range in the empire of thought and reason. Last night Orion was brilliant. I must gaze on the stars every evening, but adieu for to-night, dearest. 'Heavenly angels guard thy bed!' Adieu!

"Thursday, 8th. Yesterday was dear E——r's birthday; and I, by way of commemorating it in the most sociable manner possible, lay in bed till twelve o'clock, and then arose uncommonly head-achy and stupid, but, with my usual waywardness, was in the evening in a gay Hygeian mood. This morning I am quite joyous and aerial, as if I could mount with the skylark. Oh! this fitful state of existence! 'this feverish dream of being!' When shall we attain to a condition less changeable? When shall we be freed from sin, and sickness, and suffering, and find a permanency of health and holiness? 'The hour, the hour is hastening.' 'Time shall be no longer,' and then 'shall the mystery of God be finished.' Then shall 'we awake in *His* likeness,' who for a little while is detaining us here, ere we enter into his 'everlasting rest.' Yes, *for a little while*. The moments that intervene between us and our final joy, may seem to pass with lingering tardiness; yet they *will* terminate,

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and usher us at length into the glorious light of our Redeemer's presence. It seems so natural that a Christian should long for his immortality; yet we must wait with patience the arrival of our appointed time. Dear ——, when we reflect on the immeasurable, the infinite disparity between the things of time and eternity, does it not seem a strange thought that these longings for bliss should not be more commonly cherished? Why ought not our aspirations after deliverance to be ardent? Regard with dread an event which is to set us free! which is to burst the fetters that confine our souls, and to send us forth unchained into the regions of life, and love, and felicity! Groundless apprehension! when we remember that 'death is swallowed up in victory,' and that Christ has disarmed the dread foe of his sting. Our Emmanuel has already tasted for us the suffering of death, and may we not trust that when we shall be called to walk through the valley, He will cause 'his rod and his staff to comfort us?' Why should we 'fear evil?' 'The *eternal God* is our refuge, and underneath are the *everlasting arms*.' May you and I, dearest, find in our last conflict serenity and joy, and be enabled to say with perfect and child-like confidence, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'

"I have found in the Memorials of Mrs. Hemans, which I have been reading, some lines referring to the subject on which I have been speaking, and, considering them beautiful, I will transcribe them.

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'Why should not he whose touch dissolves our chain,
Put on his robes of beauty, when he comes
As a deliverer? He hath many forms;
They should not all be fearful! If his call
Be but our gathering to that distant land
For whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst,
Why should not its prophetic sense be borne
Into the heart's deep stillness, with a breath
Of summer-winds—a voice of melody
Solemn, yet lovely?'

"Tell me what you think of these, that I may compare our tastes; they struck me as abounding with poetic beauty and feeling. It is so sweet to commune about such things! Oh! that beautiful mystery, the intercourse of mind with mind!

"I shall do as you advise in reference to 'Solomon's Song,' and defer inquiry until I can consult Calmet. I like the questions you have prepared.

"Friday. I have this morning been copying your remembrances of Mr. Stratten's sermon for Mr. Dennant, writing a note of thanks to Mr. Mayhew for the loan of his 'Blair's Lectures,' transcribing some lines of Mrs. Hemans's, for the purpose of committing them to memory during the operation of entertaining leeches, which is to be my game this evening, and, in fact, have been full of literary business.

"We have been thinking much of poor ——— to-day, who is now about arriving, I suppose, at the end of his long journey. I had a little chat with him on joining a Christian church, and he seems to me to be in the error Russell beautifully points out, and

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guards against,—the placing too much dependence on our own feelings, rather than a simple reliance on the intercessory work of the Redeemer. I trust he will receive the teachings of the Holy Spirit, and at length be guided into all truth. The cause of Christ is, I hope, advancing here; the Sunday evening congregations are generally good, and our school is increasing. Oh! let us ever petition, 'Build thou up the walls of Jerusalem.' With respect to self-examination, dearest, I cannot *write* on this subject; wait till I see you, and we will talk it over. I am sure it tends to humble the mind, and this is a blessed effect, but it is difficult to make scrutiny of that which lies within. 'The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?'

"I have begun to read the book you recommended on 'Love to God,' and have no doubt of deriving great pleasure from it. The title is alluring enough, is it not? Holy principle! let it ever be cherished in our breast towards *each other*, and towards '*Him that loved us*.'

"Saturday evening. My most valued and beloved of friends, the unexpected delight of receiving a letter from you to-day, has filled me with mingled feelings of overflowing happiness and tender concern. I grieve to hear of your indisposition. * * * * * * * But we are both in the hands of One who 'doeth all things well,' and while his arms of love and mercy surround us, we *must* be safe and

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happy. Let us ever commend each other to him, and securely rest under the shadow of his protecting wings. In sickness or in health, he is a covert for his people; and, confiding in him, we may ever be tranquil and happy. Oh for an abiding faith, that could constantly and triumphantly assert, 'My Beloved is *mine*, and I am *His*.' 'The Lord is *my* Shepherd.' 'God is the Rock of my salvation.' Alas! that there should ever be a cloud between us and our Father! It is sin that obscures our view, but when 'the veil shall be taken away,' we shall see him clearly. Oh! which of us shall first be admitted into the full brightness of the heavenly glory? Which of us shall first wear the 'golden crown,' and become a worshipper in the New Jerusalem? It is painful to us to think even of a *short* separation, but 'in heaven we part no more; and mingled love and praise will there be our sole employment. For 'love is indestructible, its holy flame for ever burneth; from heaven it came, to heaven returneth.' Therefore, how bright are our prospects! Oh! let us 'rejoice alway,' for we, I trust, *have* 'a peace, which the world cannot give nor take away.'

"How I congratulate you, dear ———, on the unlooked-for pleasure of a visit from your friend S——! It must have afforded you a high degree of enjoyment to see any one of the dear circle at Meck. You must contrive to spend a day with her.

"Mr. Flower is expected to occupy our pulpit tomorrow. You think of me, dearest, on my silent sab-

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baths. But, as Roza says, though I am denied a streamlet, I have access to the fountain." * * * * * * * * * *

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

" Tuesday afternoon.

" My dearest ———,

I am so grieved at the idea of sending E. without a letter for you. But it is the will of our Father to incapacitate me for writing, and we will rejoice in all his dispensations. I am in bed, and Mr. B—— tells me to remain here till the evening, but an effort must be made to say one word to you. A few lines cannot harm me. I feel deeply for you, my beloved friend, in your present circumstances. Your situation is a responsible one, but I feel assured that grace will be given you to fulfil all its duties. Take this beautiful text for your comfort, ' Casting *all* your care upon him, for he careth for you.' Yes; he careth for the lambs of his fold, and no man shall pluck us from our Shepherd's arms. Do not, my own beloved ———, give way to depression of spirits. Why should you not be cheerful? You have no sorrow to bear alone. Let us strive to be happy, to ' rejoice evermore ' in our Jesus. We are *one* in him; and possessing him, we possess all things. I feel your kindness in opening to me your secret feelings. You ***shall*** have my prayers, and we will pray for each other. Oh! may the windows of heaven be opened,

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and pour down blessings upon you. Do not be anxious about me, love. I am rapidly recovering from the influenza and every other disorder." * * * * * * * * * *

TO HER SISTER.

"Halesworth, Jan. 19th, 1837.

* * * * * * * * * *

Every one is kind to me to a degree that is overwhelming. But I am now so well that I scarcely need these attentions. For the last week I have been a wonder to myself; dining and drinking tea in the dining-room every day; and this morning I rose to breakfast, as a kind of birth-day celebration—the first time I have breakfasted with the family since the 20th of August. In truth, nothing ails me now but a little occasional languor, and a cough, which still remains unconquerable, though I am taught to believe it will subside in spring.

"Jan. 20th. (In bed.) Dearest F——, I have just received your very kind letter, with an elegant little volume designed as a present to me, and am quite touched with this instance of your affection. Accept my sincere thanks, and believe that I shall very highly value such a beautiful and excellent memento of your love. I thank you, dear F——, for your kind wishes respecting my health. In my own judgment, I am certainly improving, and think that my complete recovery is very probable; but one or two

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friends have whispered a contrary opinion; and if I do not coincide with them, it is not because I *wish* to differ, but because experience seems to indicate a different conclusion. I should consider it the greatest of privileges to be admitted *early* into celestial happiness. To a Christian, resignation must I think be exercised in *living*, not in *dying*. It is strange indeed, that we should regard as a trial any dispensation that seems to promise a deliverance from the fetters that confine us here. It *must* be far better to be singing the 'new song' in heaven than to continue struggling with sin below. We should therefore be ever willing, and I think *longing*, to depart, yet waiting with patience.

TO HER BROTHER.

"Halesworth, Jan. 21st, 1837.

* * * * * * * *

"——— is now devoting her attention to Phrenology, and many disquisitions we had on the subject, and submissions of our organs to her scientific ken. Mr. B., to assist us in our inquiries, politely brought forth some of his anatomical stores, and furnished us with a basket of skulls, and the head of William Corder! Are you not longing to take a part in our studies, or do you consider that we are wanting in refinement of feeling? How do you get on with your researches in Metaphysics? I remember that you anticipated doing great things in your own lodgings, and hope you find them as comfortable and inspiriting as you expected.

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How very naughty ——— was to write as she did concerning me! While at home, you had ocular testimony of the prudent care I take of myself, and this, I trust, will lead you to give a deaf ear to any wilful detraction of the kind. It is true I am sometimes designated 'an unruly girl' by my doctor, but I think unjustly: who is a more proper person to decide in such a case than the patient? Our cousins at Peckham and Bocking have all been affected by the prevailing epidemic; it seems to have been fatal in a great many instances, which is a warning to us to be constantly on our watch-tower. To the Christian who is *waiting* to depart, it signifies not at what hour the Son of man cometh. The idea of being *sojourners* here is so delightful. 'This is not our rest,' but we are looking for a better and a heavenly country; and we are guided thither by the Captain of our salvation. He has himself gone before us, and cannot lead his children astray. If therefore we are continually 'looking unto Jesus,' we must arrive in safety at the gates of the New Jerusalem.

"Mr. George continues his zealous labours at Cratfield. We hear that his ordination is to take place in March. He wishes very much to procure the attendance of Mr. Leifchild, but I should think will hardly succeed in this. Papa bids me say that he hopes the Sunday school is going on well. A library has been purchased of the Tract Society at a reduced price, and we are trying to interest the children, and keep up their number." * * * * * *

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TO A FRIEND.

"Halesworth, Jan. 28th, 1837.

* * * * * * * *

"Though the influenza has considerably weakened me, it has had the happy effect of entirely removing my old cough. Mr. B. considers the state of my lungs decidedly improved: you will therefore say, I think, that this epidemic has rendered me an essential service. I am going to have a blister on my chest to-night, to keep up the charm.

"It is a sweet consolation to know that we are thinking of each other, and that we pray for each other. It is impossible for us to neglect doing either of these, for our interests and hopes are the same; we are *one:* ours is not merely a *union*, but UNITY. And our attachment will be perpetual; the bonds which unite us are inseparable. I do feel persuaded that, through infinite grace, we are both fixing our hope of eternal life on that Rock of ages which can never fail us. Christ is the anchor of our souls, and he is both sure and stedfast: he will keep that which we have committed to him. In all our troubles, we will apply to the mercy-seat of our Father; *there* we shall find relief, for 'the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy,' and has given us repeated experience of his faithfulness and loving-kindness.

"Oh that I could utter what I feel towards you! But we are for a season *tongue-tied*. Soon we shall

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be in a world of love; then we shall speak in the language of love. Having had a glimpse of the golden city, I am about to return again to the world; for as far as we can judge, there is now not the least doubt of my recovery, so are 'His ways past finding out.'"

* * * * * * * *

TO THE SAME.

"Halesworth, Feb. 1st, 1836.

"My dearest Pet,

I have just dined; and, during my meal, had a chair placed opposite my own, trying to cheat myself into the belief that you were with me at the table, but alas! it would not do. Ideality would not assume reality, and I was compelled to yield to the unwilling conviction that I was alone; but, since 'all things work together for good to them that love God,' our separation shall only tend to endear us to each other, and to increase our longings for an entrance into 'that distant land, for whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst,' where our union and our happiness will be perpetuated, and we shall be indeed and for ever 'one in Christ Jesus.'

"Mr. B—— called just before dinner, quite in high spirits at finding me so much better. He 'really is hoping that the warm weather will prove quite a restorative.' But we have regular contests now-a-days. I strive to maintain that there is no necessity for my taking breakfast in the morning, while he obstinately

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persists that there is, and will have it that 'don't want any' is a very absurd excuse. I really am tempted to wish all the bread and butter in Erebus, rather than it should be forced upon me against my inclination. And what can it signify *when* I eat, so that I am but kept alive? All this fuss is merely because my appetite does not happen to wake quite so early as my other powers. I am a very good girl, if I may speak my own praise, take the greatest possible care of myself, swallow my physic as often as prudence prompts me to do so, and live on 'food convenient for me,' by which judicious management, I am recovering as speedily as possible. I have been learning the 23rd Psalm in French, and have begun Adam's Morning Hymn in Milton, 'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!' How do you like 'The Minstrel?' This afternoon the Dorcas meeting is held at Mrs. C——'s, senior; shall I go and read to them?"

* * * * * * * *

TO MISS H.

"Halesworth, Feb. 4th, 1837.

* * * * * * * *

"We have had quite a sick house, every one of us suffering from the prevailing disorder, except papa, who went last Sunday to chapel, leaving six in bed. What a mercy that, while other families have had their circles thinned by the chilling touch of death, our beloved friends and relatives have been spared! It is

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very probable, dear R——, that the work of recovery begun in me will be completed; and if it be the will of our Father to restore me, '*his will be done*:' but I can well imagine the feeling of disappointment, which you once described to me, when getting over a dangerous illness. You said, 'It was like awaking from a beautiful dream, in which you had found yourself at the gate of heaven.' I feel that it would be far better to be with Christ than to be struggling with sin below; yet if it be appointed for me to sojourn a little longer here, I trust that grace will be given to fit me for all I may have to contend with. It seems incredible that I was taken ill before harvest was ended. Yet it is only when I count by the *sabbaths* spent at home, that the time of my confinement seems long. I trust my beloved R—— is enjoying much happiness, experiencing the joy and peace of believing. How much do we owe the same Saviour, who loved and saved us both, who is guiding us both by his Spirit, and will at length bring us both to his glory! Oh! to sound his praise in the language of heaven!" * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

TO A FRIEND.

"Halesworth, Feb. 14th, 1837.

* * * "It will be sweet to know that we are at the same time interceding for each other with our Father, and in the name of Jesus,

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whose love to us is the source of our own. Let us especially plead for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our souls, that we may be daily led of the Spirit, and that his precious influences may abide with us for ever. 'Oh for a closer walk with God!' a disposition to be ever reaching forward to those things which are before, forgetting the vanities and sins which would retain our affections! I should like it better if you had fixed the day intended to be set apart for prayer; but since you have left me to do so, may I propose this day fortnight, which will be the last of this month. I have named a distant one, that you may let me know, should it be inconvenient to you. Our text for Tuesday, 28th, will be, 'Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee,' an encouraging and a beautiful one. May we enjoy intimate communion with the Most High. May we feel what it is to have 'fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.'

"You inquire after our congregation. Its numbers keep up pretty well. Oh! may the time be hastened when the spirit of *love* shall glow in the hearts of all professing Christians; love to Christ, their common Head, and love to each other as members of the same spiritual body. Then we should have indeed a heaven upon earth, if we all possessed this test of discipleship. Have you seen that excellent paper in the Evangelical Magazine for this month, on 'The Unity of the Church?' It is written by Baptist Noel.

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"I have been thinking much on the subject of your coming at Easter; and, after much debate and hesitation, have come to the conclusion, that I shall be glad to see you then. But you have promised me a visit before that time, and we can chat it over. I hope I *shall* not change my mind, but invalids are rather fickle. O my treasure, what happiness there is in these short interviews! they are earnests and foretastes of that union which shall never end. I want to ask you how the word *estate* is to be understood in Mark vi. 21. It is in italics, as if inserted by the translators, and signifies, I suppose, the chief men in Galilee. Do not you think I may soon ride out again? This beautiful weather is so inviting; it will be affectation to remain within much longer. A—— writes word that he hopes I shall be able to be present at the re-opening of Beccles chapel. What think you of this? I shall certainly go, if I can get permission from the higher authorities.

"I intend to send this by post, for I am sure such a dear friend as you ought not to be kept in suspense. Oh! we *will* live in love, we *do* love, and we *must* love for ever, for 'love is indestructible;' and ours I trust is founded on the love of Him who first 'loved us, and gave himself for us.' Let our affections centre in him! Let us yield ourselves entirely to him. He will guide us by his counsel, and afterwards receive us to his glory. How can we help longing for the rest that remaineth for us? We *will* long for the mansion that we have in heaven, prepared for us

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by our Saviour. Commending you to Him, whose love is everlasting, I leave you, my beloved ———, remaining always,

Your warmly attached Friend and Sister,
MARY."

TO HER SISTER.

"Halesworth, Feb. 21st, 1837.

"My dear F———,

* * * * I thought of you much after you left us this day week, and wished that an adverse gale of wind might blow you back again, but we are happy in knowing that we are not the disposers of ourselves. All the circumstances of our lives are arranged by One who is infinitely wise and compassionate; and feeling assured that he knows what is best for us, we have only to walk in the path laid out for us by our Father in heaven, who is ever ready to guide the steps of his erring children, and who will lead us in the appointed way, so long as we trust in him with a sweet and filial confidence. It was painful to you to quit the circle of your home, to leave those whom you love, and by whom you are loved; but this is the doing of Him whose appointments it is our privilege to obey; and during the temporary separations of this life, we, who are the disciples of Jesus, are cheered by the animating and certain prospect of an eternal union in a far happier world, even in the heavenly mansions already prepared

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for us by the Captain of our salvation. He is now waiting to receive us, and in due time, 'if we faint not,' we shall know the blessedness of entering into the gates of the New Jerusalem with everlasting joy and crowns upon our heads. * * * * * * You know where your strength lies. 'Be strong in the Lord,' and let the children of this world see that *you* are expecting 'a better country.' By your walk and conversation make it evident that you have been with Jesus, and are looking unto him for the reward of your faith and stedfastness. In every season of temptation, think of this beautiful text, which I think so full of promise and consolation; 'When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.' What need we more than this? The Spirit of the Lord, Jehovah himself, to help our infirmities, and sustain us against the assaults of the evil one. With such a fortress, what success shall they find, who attempt to destroy our peace? * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

M. tells me that dear C—— C—— has joined Mr. G. Clayton's church. Mamma desires her kindest love, in which unites, dear F——,

Your ever affectionate Sister,

MARY NAPIER LINCOLNE."

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TO A FRIEND.

"Halesworth, Feb. 27th, 1837.

* * "How happy we are in knowing that Jehovah changeth not! His love is the same, however ours may vary; therefore we may confide in him, knowing that 'he will be our Guide *even unto death.*' Safely protected are they who put their trust in the Rock of ages.

'More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.'

"Let us, beloved friend, abide in Christ, as a fruitful branch abideth in the vine, and we shall be thus secure, sheltered under the wing of our Saviour, upheld by his everlasting arms." * * * *

TO MISS H.

"Halesworth, March 6th, 1837.

"My beloved R——,

The kind letters which your pen dictated to our dear ——— and myself, we had the pleasure of reading *together;* for my friend had come over to pass the afternoon with me, and cheer me by her loved society. Thus I had a double enjoyment, and thus are my gratifications multiplied from day to day. 'Truly God is good;' never shall his children have reason to say, that he is unfaithful or unkind. While I mourn

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that you should suffer, I trust I can commit you into the hands of our Father, whose strokes are all in mercy inflicted, and may be classed among the blessings of his love; since, by withdrawing our affections from the things of this life, they lead us to himself, to the only well-spring and fountain-head of joy. I thought of you yesterday, dear girl, and hailed the bright sunbeams, which, I hoped, would favour your visit to the house of God. If increased suffering did not detain you at home, I am sure you must have enjoyed renewing your praises in the holy temple; which is but an emblem of the blessed employment that awaits us, when the whole church above shall mingle in one glorious strain of adoration to their common Saviour for ever. We cannot dwell too much on these heavenly themes. We cannot too often contemplate 'the rest that remaineth for the people of God.' The anticipation of such happiness kindles our ardent desires after its attainment, and warms our affections towards Him, whose eternal love procures for us all this bliss. The pious Baxter says, 'Surely if we entertained adequate ideas of this glory, we should esteem every day a year until we reached it.' * * * * * * I am longing for the return of spring, when I hope to renew my rides. Already the occasional appearance of a nosegay delights me. My friends are all kind in supplying me with the produce of their gardens, for the love of flowers is almost a *passion* with me. This morning

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I was presented with snow-drops, laurustinuses, and other early beauties, which gave my room quite a vernal air of loveliness." * * * *

TO A FRIEND.

"Halesworth, March 8th, 1837.

* * * * * * * * * * "It is night, and I merely snatch a few moments to tell you how I get on, fearing you may be anxious, as my silence has been rather longer than usual. I have not been *quite* so well this last week, as my cough has gained ground a little, and my headachs have been frequent; but the former I attribute to the March winds, and the latter ailment is nothing extraordinary. Calm yourself therefore, dearest, and let all disquietude on my account be hushed.

"I have been so indulged this evening. A social prayer-meeting has been held at our house, principally for the purpose of imploring a blessing on the church at large, and especially on those who are mourners in Zion. I trust the prayers of our dear friends will be heard: they must be, while such precious words as these are standing; 'Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.' Oh! what encouragement have we to approach with boldness unto a throne of grace! With what certainty we may expect the blessings that we seek, when Jesus himself is our Intercessor! There *is* a power in prayer, a secret joy which those only can know, who

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are accustomed to 'make known their requests unto God,' and who have tasted the sweetness of that 'fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.' Good night, my ever beloved friend.

"Saturday, 11th. My own ———, I have been longing to renew my chat with you, but have not, until now, been able to do so, from some cause or other. Dear E——r drank tea with me yesterday; we had a pleasant evening together, and read part of a letter from Russell, on 'Confidence in Prayer.' How very sweetly he attempts to encourage the timid and feeble Christian in this duty! E——r is a dear girl, I love her the more as I know her better. We can open our minds without reserve, and feel at home while speaking on the first of subjects. If *you* were as near to me as she is, how delightful would it be! But then we should lose the enjoyment of interchanging letters, and of the fond anticipations which we now indulge in; so that although separated, although allowed but few and hasty personal minglings of affection, we must, we *will* be content. Soon shall we be *for ever* with each other, '*for ever* with the Lord.'

"I forget whether you have read Harris's 'Great Teacher:' I am reading it, and it delights me beyond any thing I have seen lately. His chapter on the Holy Spirit is admirable. He says, 'The gift of the Spirit, which is the only indispensable good, is the only blessing which is promised with absolute and unconditional certainty; and it is the essential goodness of this blessing which enables the Almighty to pro-

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mise it unconditionally.' Is not this beautiful? Oh let us ask the more fervently, and we shall receive of the heavenly gift the more abundantly. With respect to seeing you at Easter, I hope this will be managed; but if not, we know it will be well. I do hope you will be able to come. 'Twill be such joy to meet again." * * * * *

TO HER BROTHER.

"Halesworth, March 15th, 1837.

* * * * * * * * *

"You seem I hope from your letters to be getting on pretty comfortably, but I am sorry you have not lost your cough. Do take care of yourself, and do not let it gain ground through neglect. I must urge you to be particular in guarding your health, but, since you have forbidden me to speak of my own, of course I can give you no account of my excursion the other day up the attic, or of any other wonderful exploits sometimes ventured upon. These tales of marvel must be recounted by those whose words can be relied on. My friends continue to manifest the same kind and sympathizing attentions. They open to me their gardens, their libraries, and all the dainties of their storerooms. My apartment is now decorated with flowers sent from various quarters as tributes of affection. If kindness could have healed me, I must long ago have been restored to health. Oh! I have much, very much to excite in me a continual flow of gratitude, love, and

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praise. I am reading 'The Great Teacher,' by Harris, and am delighted with it. If you should have an opportunity, do read and thoroughly digest it. It is a book that will bear study. The author has drawn such a lovely portraiture of our Saviour's character, that all who read with any proper feelings, must, I am sure, admire it, and desire a transcript of so holy a model upon their own hearts. Have you seen Abbott's 'Way to do Good?' this also is an excellent little book.

"18th. Yesterday, my dear W——, was your birthday, and I wished to write a few lines, but did not feel quite well enough. I however often thought of you, and breathed many wishes for your happiness. May all the blessings that flow from a participation in the united love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be yours from this time and for ever. May you know the enjoyment of being in covenant with Jesus; to be redeemed by him; and experience that joy and peaceful serenity of mind, to which all but his children are strangers. I feel much affection for you as a kind and valued brother, but I cannot give utterance to all my thoughts in language. You will believe that I most cordially wish for your prosperity both in spiritual and temporal things, and that my love to you is unabated.

"This evening we expect Mr. Jones. He is to preach twice to-morrow. I had a glimpse of dear Mr. Leifchild, during a ten minutes' call that he made.

"This is a short letter to send so great a distance,

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but my dear W—— will excuse it. Believe me, with much love,

Your very affectionate Sister,

MARY NAPIER LINCOLNE."

This was the last letter Mary ever wrote. A little pencil note which she hastily addressed to her brother, on hearing from him just as her own letter was going to be sent off, was the close of her correspondence. She was then fast declining.

"March 31st. In bed.

"My beloved W— —,

I have just received from you a sweet and most affectionate letter, which has filled me with emotions of joy and gratitude. How shall I requite such kindness? Thank you, dearest W——, for your remembrance of you absent sister. I very often think of the fond attentions which I was wont to receive from you, while at home. Should those kind hands never again administer comfort to me, yet they will be loved as fervently as ever. We can still remember each other; and it should not be a painful thought, that our next interview *may* take place in heaven. Still I am sanguine concerning the approaching summer. I do long to gaze upon the gay landscape again. I am quite ashamed to send you a letter of so old a date, but we had hoped to send your box long ere this. Since it goes this morning, I am compelled to acknowledge

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your valued letter in this unworthy manner. Bless you, dearest brother. Believe me,

Your warmly attached and affectionate Sister,

MARY.'

We cannot close our extracts from Mary's letters without observing that they give a good general idea of her character. They are the simple utterance of an affectionate and ingenuous heart, full of love to her Saviour, and to them that bear his image. As they were exclusively intended for the eye of the individuals to whom they were addressed, it was not necessary that a restraint should be laid on the expression of those feelings, with which she wished them to be acquainted; and her intercourse with some was unreserved and confidential. One, to whom several of the preceding epistles were addressed, says, " I cannot read Mary's letters, without being struck with the chastened, yet playful humour that pervades them. They are evidently the productions of a chaste and polished mind; and now that the dear correspondent has winged her way to the mansions of purity and bliss, they are invested with a melancholy interest, which heightens their beauty, and powerfully affects the heart." To this may be added, that the spirit of devoted piety, which universally characterizes them, renders them still calculated to excite holy affections and desires. Happy would it be, if such correspondence were always carried on between young and ardent friends!

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Although Mary never recovered from the attack which she suffered in August, and which, in a few hours, brought her to the very gates of death, yet her strength so far returned that she was able to receive with gladness the visits of her friends. Her respected pastor, Mr. Dennant, and other neighbouring ministers, often called upon her, and their conversation and prayers supplied her with edification and joy. Her remaining strength was not suffered to rest unemployed; she would have engaged with avidity in all her former studies, if she had not been prevented by the anxious concern of others. To these she used to say, "It is *wrong* for me thus to neglect study; my mind will become altogether vacant. There is so much to know, I thirst to know it." And she asked playfully, "Would you not call that person cruel, who would not let me eat when I was starving? Oh, it is much more cruel to deprive me of mental food."

Before her illness, it was her constant delight to gaze on the beauties of nature. She admired the goodness of God in giving his creatures a world so full of loveliness, although defiled and defaced by sin. A little paper of hers, written in a moment of relaxation, is a specimen of the style in which she sometimes amused herself.

"Allured by the beautiful mildness of the air, and the lovely prospect that was extended before my window, I resolved to indulge myself with a ramble, and accordingly left my apartment, to enjoy the gentle

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breezes of the morning. My mind, yet unruffled with the cares of the day, was in a frame peculiarly adapted to the calm contemplation of the scenes presented to my view, and my feelings harmonized with external objects.

"I gazed around me; all was imposing and beautiful. The stillness that prevailed was unbroken, save by the tuneful warbling of the lark, and the soft murmur of the wandering rivulet. The ground was bestudded with countless dewy pearls, and fragrant flowers had perfumed the air with their delicious odours, which were wafted by the scarcely moving zephyrs. Nature seemed arrayed in her richest vestments, and emotions of grateful ecstasy were excited in my breast, as I almost unconsciously exclaimed, 'And was all this made for man?' I adored the benevolence of that Being, who had created such exquisite enjoyments for a race of rebellious mortals; and since even this world was bedecked with such loveliness, what, I thought, must be the inconceivable bliss of Paradise, where ages shall be spent in celestial and never-fading delight!

"The idea was transporting. I returned home sensible that a contemplation of the works of God was an employment well calculated to inspire feelings of devotion and tranquillity, and to raise the mind to heaven."

I well remember the last time that dear Mary rode out before the winter. She was forbidden to speak in the open air, but her heart was so full of thanksgiving, it was vain to enjoin silence. The sun shone brightly; and the light blue sky, that was stretched

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out over our heads, was as a clear and beautiful mirror, in which were reflected the tenderness and the love of our Creator. She repeated with much feeling,

"If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!"

"Oh! how different will heaven be from this!" she exclaimed. "How can we help longing for heaven?"

She was always an attentive observer of nature; and she engaged at one time with much pleasure in the study of Botany. In her walks it was often her custom to stop and pick up a variegated leaf, or gather a beautiful *little* flower; for "these little things," she said, "discover the *greatness* of God's goodness, since some of his minute works *seem* made only to give delight to unworthy creatures. But, oh! how little of these lovely works can we fully understand! How animating it is to think, that in heaven our minds will be enlarged to comprehend something more of the creation of God! We shall have eternity to learn in. Only think of going on, through that eternity, in adding to our knowledge of the works and character of Jehovah! What a noble employment! And what grace that gives us the prospect of it!" It was because her thoughts were lifted up from the effects to their First Cause, that Mary delighted to contemplate the works of creation. She felt that

"One Spirit—His
Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brows—

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Rules universal nature.—Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar——
Happy who walks with him!"

Cowper.

It was because "the loveliness of earth, higher than earth, could raise her," that she thus delighted to gaze on the beauty of "this fair, free world under God's open sky." That mind which was never raised by the contemplation of smiling pastures and fruitful plains, to the praise of Him, who causeth "the grass to grow upon the mountains," who "maketh the earth soft with showers, and blesseth the springing thereof," is a stranger to the joy which God intended should result from his handiworks. "The school of nature is God's own university for the instruction of all his creatures in the philosophy of nature; and though the lessons can be appreciated by us only in the humble and limited condition of earthly students, the lessons themselves are lessons from Heaven." It were wrong to maintain that this material creation gives us the *most* elevated ideas of the Divine character: *here* the traces of his love are shadowy and uncertain, compared with that full blaze of light and glory which beams from the page of inspiration; but the pious psalmist did not imagine that its study was unadapted to furnish fresh reasons for love and praise to God.

"The One supreme,
The all-sustaining, ever-present God,

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Who dower'd the soul with immortality,
Gave also *these* delights, to cheer on earth
Its fleeting passage; therefore let us greet
Each wandering flower, sent as a boon from him."

To one who rejoices to view the wisdom and goodness of God as declared "in these his lowest works," it is delightful to turn to that exhibition of his love, which shone forth on Calvary, when his own Son bowed his head to death for our salvation. It is *there* that he is revealed in his loveliest character, as the Redeemer of the lost; it is *there* that the trembling sinner takes refuge from the stings of conscience, which are ever ready to disturb him midst the fairest landscape and goodliest scene furnished by tints of summer; it is *there* not only that his eye is pointed to a world all peaceful and holy, but that the way is opened, by which its rest and its purity may be obtained. Happy are they, whose restless spirits find anchor *there*, and who rest their all on the Saviour's cross!

Mary entered fully into these feelings. Her passion for nature was under the influence of the gospel. She loved to borrow from sensible objects, emblems of those truths which are in themselves matters of pure faith; but was careful that, in doing this, she might, far from debasing the object of her belief, only give a sacred interest to the beauties of earth. It yielded her much delight to gaze on the beautiful tints of trees in autumn; and, after observing their various shades, and their golden appearance in the sun, she would often remark, "'We all do fade as a leaf;' but,

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when *our* spring comes, it will be eternal." She liked to watch a clear running stream; it reminded her "of those streams that make glad the city of our God." She was very fond of astronomy, and was an indefatigable star-gazer. The view of the bespangled heavens woke up in her mind deep thoughts of Him, who had "spread them out as a tent to dwell in;" and she delighted to think that those unnumbered worlds were, in their constant course, ascribing praise to their Creator. That line in Pollok pleased her exceedingly; "Listen the harmonies, that each to other in its motion sings." "Now, I can fancy," she said, "that the music proceeding from each of those shining orbs, mingles harmoniously, and altogether forms a beautiful anthem to our Father's praise."

Associated with the love of nature is the love of poetry, and these were united in our dear Mary. Her poetical taste was refined; it was only *exalted* strains that satisfied her. On Milton she rested with untold delight. During her last illness, she read Pollok's "Course of Time," Thomson's "Seasons," Beattie's "Minstrel," Blair's "Grave," with some others. The last-named poem she thought too gloomy; the dark picture that Blair draws of death, was far from accordant with her exultation in the thought of that conquered enemy. "Death is disarmed of his sting to the Christian. I cannot contemplate him in this fearful light. 'It makes one's blood run chill,' to read the description given by Blair. Death is to the believer, only falling asleep in Jesus."

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It was remarkable with what little fear Mary looked on the approach of dissolution. Through the mercy of God, she was permitted to know nothing of that fear of death, through which some "have been all their life-time subject to bondage." She remembered that her Saviour himself had passed through the valley, and she shuddered not at the prospect of following where he had led. She remembered that he himself had dwelt for a time amid the shadows of the tomb, and she feared not to rest where her Lord had lain. The sorrow which she knew those who loved her would endure, when she should be taken from them, was her severest trial associated with the idea of death. To one of her young friends, her kind sympathy thus suggested consolation: "I know God will support you, when I am removed. Think how short a time we shall be separated. Dying is but going home; let us speak of it so. We will not use the word death; we will speak of *going home*. And oh what joy to think of meeting in heaven!"

Mary was no less possessed of a taste for music, than of a delight in poetry. Her musical ear was exquisite; she played with great facility, and, when confined to one room, the instrument was removed to it, hat she might enjoy her favourite recreation. Almost to the last, when too ill to rise from her bed, her dear mamma would play over to her, at her request, some solemn, simple anthem, and it appeared to furnish her with inexpressible enjoyment. But no music was to her so sweet as the name of Jesus. "The music of

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praise to him, is the best we have here," she would often exclaim: "there is indeed nothing so much like heaven, as singing the praises of God below." It was a great privation to her that, on account of the nature of her malady, she was unable, or, as she expressed it, *forbidden*, to make any use of her voice in singing. On hearing her beloved family circle uniting in a hymn of thanksgiving, she ardently longed to join with them, and even would sometimes in an occasional line, although the weakness that followed proved her inability. But then, again, the thought of heaven made her patient; for she was anticipating ere long to mingle, without weariness or infirmity, in that new song, which shall be sung by the ransomed from among men, before the throne of God for ever.

Till about the middle of February, her weakness did not appear to increase; perhaps it gradually lessened; but from that time she declined. During the many months, in which she was confined nearly to one apartment, not a word of murmuring escaped her lips. To any expression of sympathy, she replied, "Our Father does *all* things well." And to one who was saying to her, "How I wish the weather did not prevent you from going out for a walk or ride!" "How very naughty, to try to make me discontented! I have every thing to make me happy, but a heart to receive my mercies aright." She often expressed her thankfulness to God for chastening her so gently, and said, "You know, although I am confined here, I am very well; that is, not in pain." The circumstance con-

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nected with her illness which she felt to be most painful, was her inability to engage in any exertion. "How many days I spend on the couch of idleness," she said, "seeming to do no good to myself or others!" "But, love, you are not shut out from all usefulness even *here*," I replied. "Oh no; I would not murmur. It is the will of God. It is a mercy to think, 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' Well, I do trust that God will do with me just as he pleases, only I want to show forth his praise."

Once I remember gently reproving her for not taking more care of herself, and saying, "I think, Mary, you are determined not to live." She quickly rejoined, "Not to live! yes, I long to live—I do long to live;"—and, perhaps noticing my look of incredulousness, she continued with a smile, and in a low tone of voice, "But not *here*. This is death. I do long really to *live*."

The only time that she wrote in her diary, during the whole of her illness, was on new-year's day.

"January 1st, 1837. Sunday. Another year commences, and I am called upon to sing of mercy. Yes; I feel that in *mercy* I have been afflicted. A severe indisposition, with which I was attacked on the 17th of last August, has long detained me a prisoner; but I trust that 'the Father is with me,' and 'under the shadow of his wings will I rejoice.' My heart would love to go up this morning with the people of the Lord, to worship him in his holy temple; but I cannot murmur, for may not my sick-room be made the

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presence-chamber of the King of kings? Probably another year may not dawn upon me, but it is sweet to feel myself at the *entire disposal* of my compassionate heavenly Father. Oh for *complete* submission to every dispensation of his will! May I henceforth be drawn more and more near to the Saviour by the attractive influence of his cross, and ever abide under the banners of Him, who is the Ensign of Israel."

It is a matter of regret to her friends, that Mary's genuine humility led her to destroy many papers, which might contain interesting records of her state of religious feeling, or indications of her mental superiority. She shrank from publicity; she shrank even from the publicity of a family circle; she would rather do any thing than make herself or her own opinions conspicuous, so deep was her persuasion of her littleness. To those who loved her, she attributed motives of the most benevolent and disinterested kind, and never could fancy, for a moment, that there was any thing in her, which they could imagine worthy of their esteem.

Her affections were strong and lively. All who were followers of Jesus were dear to her heart; indeed, her love to the disciples of Christ was one of the first outward indications of her piety. Long before the public avowal of her attachment to the Saviour, she called one day with a companion on a lady whom she much esteemed, and who was just recovering from a severe illness, which God had been pleased to render instrumental in leading her to himself. Mary felt her heart expand towards her; on departing from the

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house, the tear glistened in her eye; she walked for a few moments in silence, and then exclaimed, "Dear, *dear* Mrs. ——! I do love her better than I ever did. ——Yes; there is a silken cord that unites in holy love all who bear the Saviour's image. How glad I am that God has raised up another Christian friend for dear mamma! She mourned the loss of Mrs. G—— as a kindred spirit, but now he has supplied her place; he is a tender Father." She often spoke with rapture on the kindness of God, in allowing his children to taste on earth the sweets of friendship. It was often said by her, "Only those can imagine its sweetness, who know what it is to be knit to another in the bonds of Jesus' love. They who are not united by *that* tie, know nothing of true friendship." She always insisted much on the obligations of friends to tell each other of their faults, and used to say, "He does not deserve the name of friend, who cannot bear an admonition given in the spirit of love." We cannot but notice how powerfully her strong feelings of affection were called forth to the members of her beloved family. Once or twice she exclaimed, "How glad it makes me, to see the others well and healthy, and think that it is *I* who am suffering, and not *they!*" She has told me oftener than once, that her love for her brothers and sisters was more than could be expressed. Her unceasing prayers ascended for their salvation. It was a great grief to her mind, that extreme diffidence restrained her from talking to them so freely as she desired; but the holy and consistent ex-

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ample which she constantly set before their eyes, and the supplications she daily offered on their behalf, would assuredly be blessings to them, even when words of personal exhortation were not so continually employed. Her anxious desire was, that *they* should derive some benefit from her suffering. "I want some of *them* to be the better for my illness; I want them to take warning from the sudden way in which I was attacked, how important it is to be prepared to die; for if God had called me away then, I should have been too ill to think of the solemnity of my situation, or to make the least preparation for my latter end." Her affection to her parents was also inexpressibly strong. "What a privilege," I have repeatedly heard her exclaim, "to have Christian parents! and to have a papa and mamma so kind as mine!" And often as Mrs. Lincolne passed through the room, Mary's eyes would affectionately follow her, while she used to say slowly, and as if thinking aloud, "*Dear, dear* mamma! Bless her!"

Her sufferings she always reckoned her greatest mercies. To one young friend she said, "This affliction is an answer to prayer. I am sure it is. Yes; God has sent this to sanctify me. Oh that I may make a good use of it!—What wandering thoughts I used to have when at chapel! such wicked thoughts, it shocks me to think of them; how just it is that I should now be prevented from going to the house of God at all! If I ever be restored, I do hope those wandering thoughts will not be suffered."—"I

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sometimes, dear ——, look back and try to think when it was that I was led to see my sinfulness, and go to Christ for the pardon of it. But the exact time I cannot remember. I often wish that I could." It was replied, " Perhaps this is to prevent you from placing reliance on any of your own mental exercises. You *can* say, that though once blind, now you see." " Yes, I trust I *can* say that. However it was that I was brought to Christ, I am conscious that I have no hope but him. In me there is nothing but guilt. Oh if you knew my sinfulness; if any knew half the wickedness and ingratitude of my heart, they would shudder with horror; they would not think me fit to live. But God knows it all, and yet I cannot despair. No; it is impossible to despair. *I have hope in Christ*, and *must* have, while those precious promises remain: 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

One who resided in the house with her, and had the privilege of seeing much of her during her illness, writes thus: " She frequently asked me if I thought she would recover. I very often evaded the question; and she has repeatedly expressed an apprehension that her friends deceived her, and added, 'but —— always tells me she does not expect my recovery: why should they wish to hide their opinions from me? I know not what there can be in death so terrible to the people of God. I often wonder how it is that the subject is so constantly avoided by those who place their hopes of

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salvation on the Saviour.'" The love of Christ was a theme ever presenting to her new beauties, new causes for wonder and praise. "How free are the blessings of his salvation! How beautiful is the plan!—so exactly what we need. I seem to see more of its beauty than I did, although I know but little now; but really on looking back to some months ago, it seems to me that I scarcely felt any thing of its fitness. It is strange that any should say that the doctrines of grace lead to licentiousness. I think they make the most effectual provision possible to secure holiness of conduct. Think, dear ———, how mighty is love! Can you conceive of any motive to obedience stronger than this?" And after a pause she continued slowly, "It is a comfort that we may go as poor sinners to Christ. We may believe in him; and our salvation is as certain as if we were already in heaven. But we must be holy.———I do trust in Christ, but yet how little holiness do I exhibit! How little do I adorn his gospel! Oh that my head were a fountain of tears, that I might weep that my love to him is so cold, and my faith so weak! I must indeed perish, if Jesus does not freely save me; but I believe that he will save me, because all my trust is in his cross, and none ever perished there."

It powerfully struck every one who was admitted to a participation in the thoughts of her heart, how she looked down upon the world, how evidently all her desires were lodged in heaven. In answer to some expression of attachment from a young friend, she

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said with a smile, "*Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.*" The emphasis, the manner, the holy joy that lighted up her countenance, can never be forgotten; no one could have heard *that*, without being melted into tears.

It was a privilege to be with her during her illness, such perfect patience and resignation were constantly shown in her deportment to the will of her heavenly Father. If ever disappointed in a circumstance for which she had been much longing, were the disappointment relative to an important or a trifling matter, her holy serenity was never disturbed. "*All* things shall work together for good," she would observe; "why can we not trust our Father, that he will order them aright?" When suffering much from a painful application to her chest, "Oh! these *light* afflictions!" she said smilingly, but no murmur escaped her lips. She was almost constantly enduring violent head-ach; so much so that at times she would sit for more than an hour with her head on her hand, not able to speak or to be spoken to; yet, at these times, she evinced not the slightest discontent or impatience, and if any one addressed her, she always answered by a smile. Dear Mary was always a *silent* sufferer. She had been so from her childhood; but this meek resignation was more evident, as her sufferings were protracted and more severe.

One night, as her sister was sitting in her room, Mary was heard to utter words of simple and ardent prayer, as if totally unconscious of the presence of any, except

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her best Friend. "O heavenly Father, grant me patience! grant me patience, heavenly Father! O grant me patience!" She then went on to ask that they, whose affectionate hearts would mourn her loss, might be sustained by the sweet and strong consolations of the everlasting gospel. She often used to say, "Mamma, I hope I shall be patient." This prayer was remarkably answered, and the circumstance is full of comfort to those who suffer, as it may well encourage their faith that He, who administers their cup, will give them grace to drink it with joy, and, in proportion as pain increases, will communicate spiritual strength.

In the time of health, she had been accustomed to discharge, with delight and alacrity, the duties of a sabbath-school teacher; and now that she was prevented from engaging thus actively in the service of the Lord, she seemed to long more than ever to be employed in some way or other, as an instrument in advancing his kingdom. So anxious was she to do good, that a little boy was accustomed to come, when her strength permitted her to receive him, to take lessons in reading, and doubtless also in the fear and love of God. But so far was there from being in her the shadow of vanity, that, although a young friend, staying in the house, and with whom she was always peculiarly unreserved, entered the room directly after he had left it, she would never have known, unless others had told her, of this act of Mary's unostentatious charity. But the anxiety of the dear invalid was called forth, in a special manner, on behalf of ———. She was much

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attached to him as a professional man, and spoke very frequently, in terms of lively gratitude, of the kind attentions she had received from him and from his lady. "Oh that God would teach him the only way of acceptance!" she exclaimed; "then what an invaluable companion he would be in a sick-chamber!" These were not idle wishes, forgotten as soon as expressed; she was accustomed to offer up for him fervent petitions, that he might have an experimental acquaintance with the blessings of the gospel. Her affectionate heart was quite overwhelmed with the kindness that all hastened to show her on her illness. "Really," she used to say, "it is worth being ill, to find out that you are loved. But how can I ever repay the kindness I meet with? I wonder how long it will take me, when I am well, to go about with my round of thanks." At other times, she would insist on her not being ill; for that others were so kind that they prevented it from being any affliction to her.

What great cause for thankfulness have all who loved our departed Mary, that, after her first attack, she should have been spared to us for so long a time, to manifest "the fruits of the Spirit," and to adorn "the doctrine of God her Saviour!" How encouraging it was to view "the holy triumphs of her soul," in the midst of weakness, suffering, and death! The almost uninterrupted state of her mind was happiness. She loved to meditate on the great doctrines of the gospel, till her heart burned within her, and she exclaimed, "What astonishing mercy that *we*

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should be redeemed! Who are *we* that we should be called the children of God? Who are *we* that we should be thus wonderfully chosen? What a delightful and yet overwhelming doctrine is election! When we think of it, how clearly our salvation is seen to be of grace!" Thoughts of the infinite love and unmerited mercy of God filled her with joy unspeakable. Those were favourite passages of Scripture with her, which enforced the duty and the privilege of rejoicing in the Lord; and, when asked for a text, she would frequently look up and say, while a heavenly smile played upon her features, "*Rejoice evermore!*" She often mentioned the pleasure it had afforded her to hear Mr. Hopkins preach from the text, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." These beautiful words were a great consolation to her, as she every day seemed to enter into them more fully. Towards the close of her illness, the following verse was often repeated by her with delight, "He will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing."

But on no subject did she speak with so much delight as on the Christian's hope in dissolution. With an animated countenance, and great energy of manner, while her soul kindled within her, I have heard her exclaim, "Oh what a happy moment *that* is to the believer, when he shakes off his fetters, and finds himself free! How can any one who has hope in Christ dread it? This I cannot understand. Does a captive dread the unloosening of his chains? Shall *we* shrink from part-

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ing with this body of sin and death?" She was much comforted in reading Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest." It made her pant more than ever for the skies.

But the time was approaching, when her heavenly Father saw that his child had been sufficiently exercised, and that, being ripe for glory, he might introduce her to that everlasting rest which she so much desired. From the month of April her strength rapidly left her, her body became painfully debilitated, and her mind enfeebled. She could not read; she could not talk as she once did; but the few sentences that dropped from her lips, were strikingly indicative of serenity and peace. A young friend, who called on her in the month of May, after a long interval of separation, thus writes: "The Friday month previous to her emancipation from a body of sin and death, I was kindly permitted to spend about an hour by her sick couch. As soon as I entered the room, she raised her languid eyes with an expression of delight and satisfaction; she clasped my hand in hers, and methinks I now feel the gentle pressure, and witness the animation of her emaciated countenance; it bespoke the serenity and holy tranquillity of a mind '*stayed on God.*' This I observed to her, and she replied, '*It has been kept in perfect peace.*' Much as I wished to hear her experience, I entreated, for the sake of her suffering body, that she would only reply to my interrogations. I asked if her enjoyment of God's love had been uninterrupted throughout her pro-

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tracted affliction? 'Oh yes,' she exclaimed, 'I have not had *one* season of darkness or temptation.' For this mercy I felt grateful, and expressed my thankfulness, when the dear girl enjoined, 'R—— dear, *all has been mercy*, ALL HAS BEEN MERCY.' I then said, 'I rejoice, dear love, that you have not NOW to seek a Saviour; you are able to recline upon his loving breast, and lean entirely on his supporting arm.' 'Oh yes; oh yes,' she reiterated, 'Christ is *all in all* to me.' 'Then,' I remarked, 'you may look up and take comfort, look forward and triumph.' She smiled sweetly, and embraced me with the warmest affection. I think our conversation was then directed to the lovely office of Jesus as a Refiner. I cannot *distinctly* remember what she said; she breathed with difficulty, and once almost fainted; this intimidated me in causing her to speak. Her mind was perfectly satisfied with all the appointments of her heavenly Father; and I believe she was quite willing to continue or depart, to suffer or be released, whichever, and whenever, it should redound to the glory of God; her prevailing desire was, that Christ might be magnified, whether by her life or death."

On one occasion, being asked if she would like to hear a little reading, she gave a look of assent. A few passages of Scripture were selected, and the whole was concluded by, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She said, "We *know* it, *know* it;"

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and then repeated each clause in succession, dwelling on the last, "'*eternal in the heavens:*' yes, there will be no prospect of the end to mar our enjoyment of the present; our joys will be eternal. Oh! I am so afraid I should be impatient. I hope I shall be kept from a fretful, murmuring spirit."

Being told of one in similar circumstances to herself, to all human appearance, sinking rapidly, yet rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, she mentioned how happy and enviable was his situation; but afterwards hearing that he was better, she said in an expressive voice, "What a disappointment! he thought to have been home before now." On its been named that he had a wife and three dear children, "You ought never to wish *my* life to be spared," she replied quickly, "because I am not wanted; I shall not leave any one behind who will need my services." "My dear Mary," it was returned, "we all want you, we want your society and your counsels." "*Your* kindness and affection say so, but God sees I am not wanted here, and he knows best."

A Christian friend, who was sitting up with her through the night, some time in the early part of May, says, that on waking at about two or three o'clock in the morning, Mary appeared refreshed, and observed, "It is now twenty-eight sabbaths since I was confined at home from the means of grace; it is a long time, is it not?" "It is a long time, my dear, but it is the Lord's will." "Yes; let him do what seemeth him good! What a mercy to be kept from murmuring!"

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She then looked up with a sweet smile, and repeated those beautiful lines of Watts's,

> "When I survey the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

Her kind attendant remarked, "That is a sweet hymn." "It is indeed; what a subject for a Christian's meditation is the death of Christ!" About a quarter before six, she asked for her little Testament, and lay reading it for half an hour. Then shutting the blessed volume, she said, "How I love those beautiful words, '*Christ in you the hope of glory!*'" "Yes, my love, Christ is indeed precious to us when we can appropriate Him to ourselves." To this she smilingly answered,

> "When I can say, my God is mine,
> When I can feel His glory shine,
> I tread the earth beneath my feet,
> And all the world calls good or great."

About a fortnight after, the same friend renewed her watch by her sick-bed. On seeing her weak state, she did not attempt to converse, but Mary seemed disposed to talk. "How very kind it was of Mrs. R—— to send me that nice present, was it not? It is kind of you to spend the whole night with me ——. I have been thinking a great deal about my friend ———. Poor girl! I wonder how she goes on in France! I sometimes think we shall never meet again on earth." "Why do you think so?" "Be-

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cause I get weaker." "The Lord makes his strength perfect in your weakness." "Yes, he does; He has promised to keep them in perfect peace whose minds are stayed on him." The 39th Psalm was read to her. On hearing the seventh verse, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee," she repeated with energy, "What wait I for? *my hope is in Thee.*" Before her friend left her, she said, "May the Lord enable you to wait patiently." Mary pressed her hand, and said in a low voice, "Pray for me, that I may patiently suffer."

It was about three weeks before her death, that the dear sufferer expressed a wish to change her room, thinking that if she were to have the bed where she and F—— used to sleep, when they were little girls, she should be able to rest more tranquilly. But this yielded no benefit to her worn-out and sinking body; she patiently said,

> "It is but poor relief we gain,
> To change the place, but keep the pain."

Till this time, it had been her practice to be constantly laying out schemes for the future, saying what she should do when she became well; a disposition which is a frequent attendant on consumption; but, after she removed to her old room, she was never heard to express the least thought of recovery. The language of her soul was, "Make haste, my Beloved!" One night as her friend, Miss S——, was sitting with her, she expressed in the warmest manner her

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sense of the kindness she was receiving, and then asked very particularly what time it was. On being told, between two and three, she said in an under tone, "*There* time will be swallowed up in delightful eternity." She requested, as usual, that the curtains might be drawn aside, and the window opened. "How lovely are the notes of those dear little birds, singing their morning hymn of praise to their Creator! How refreshing the air is! But *this* is not the air of *heaven!*" After washing her face and hands, she lay down, and, as her friend was trying to soften her pillow, said smilingly, "Thank you, dear; now come, sweet sleep!——'There shall be no night *there;*' we shall need no sleep."

At another time, she exclaimed, "Oh! how I long for the kingdom of Christ to come!" Mrs. C. replied, "It will soon come to you, love." She answered, "That *will* be delightful." "Then you do not fear." "No, Christ's death is *my* life. How happy the Christian should be! The believer in Jesus has every reason to rejoice." "You can say with David, then, My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed." "Yes; that is my anchor."

In the midst of all her suffering, she was afraid to say that she was longing to depart, lest it should be the Divine will to detain her longer below. Her will was completely swallowed up in the will of God. Instead of dwelling on her pain, her delight was to recount her mercies. "How I love *you* to nurse me, dear mamma," she would often say, "you nurse

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me so kindly. I am so glad F—— is at home. I like F—— to nurse me. She is such a kind nurse."

"How delightful it is," she frequently exclaimed, "to see the sunbeams! I love to look at the beautiful sun." Her admiration of nature remained with her to the last.

She was looking forward with joy to the first sabbath in June, when she said she must, if possible, commemorate once more the love of her Saviour. But this was utterly impracticable. Her weakness could scarcely allow her to sit up in bed. On the following Tuesday, she suffered from a singular and distressing attack, caused by the bursting of an abscess on the lungs. Her sister was watching beside her, and raised her up, or she would then have died from suffocation. Not the slightest alarm or fear was evinced by her, although she thought herself dying, as did all who were present. "You need not send for Mr. B——," she calmly said, "he can do me no good; don't be frightened; there are many ways of going to heaven." The next day her dear mamma said to her, "I thought, Mary dear, that you were dying yesterday." "Yes, mamma," she replied, "I too thought it was death, and I hoped it was."

That night her kind friend, Mrs. C——, sat up with her. Mary's weakness at first precluded conversation; but, to Mrs. C——'s great surprise, about two o'clock in the morning she began,—"It is very kind of you to spend another whole night with me;

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it is a great relief to dear mamma.—I am very much obliged to you for those beautiful flowers you sent me. You see I have changed my room; how do you like it?" She then asked that the blind might be drawn up, and said, "I do so love to see the light dawning." Shortly after, she inquired if her appearance was much altered. Mrs. C—— answered that she seemed drawing near to her heavenly home, and that it was a comfort to her friends to know that she was in a waiting position. "I hope I have not been impatient; I am willing to wait the Lord's time." "Then you are willing to give up all for Christ." "He has done more than that for me," she replied. "He is able to keep what I have committed to his hands; I have a firm reliance on the atonement." "This," said her friend, "is worth ten thousand worlds." "What could the world do for me now?" she rejoined; "what can the world do for the soul at any time?" She then appeared engaged in prayer, as several broken words dropped from her lips, which were heard very indistinctly, but which were sufficient to show that she was holding converse with that Saviour, whom her soul loved.

On Friday, Mr. Hopkins called on her: she was unable to say much, but her great composure and peacefulness impressed him powerfully. In answer to a question that he proposed, whether she was satisfied that all the dealings of the Lord towards her had been in mercy and love, she replied, "Perfectly so," with a tone and manner that spoke more than language.

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She seemed struggling with her weakness to give due expression to the words.

On Friday night, she took some composing medicine, and appeared to enjoy refreshing repose. When she awoke, her friend, Miss S——, repeated to her the first verse of Psal. xci. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Mary had been accustomed on hearing a verse quoted, to look for it in the Bible; and by this means, her acquaintance with the Scriptures was much enlarged; but now her mental powers were enfeebled. On hearing the above-named text, she exclaimed, "Oh! that is a beautiful chapter," and asked for her Bible to find it, but her memory failed; she then herself repeated Isa. xii. 2, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." After reading the ninety-first Psalm, she asked Miss S—— to read to her the chapter in Isaiah. Her mind appeared overflowing with joy and peace, as if breathing the air of heaven before its shores were attained. She asked how long it was thought she would continue, and added, "I suppose some last much longer than others, and perhaps I am to linger, but I hope not."

During the Saturday she was very ill, and on Saturday night her dear mamma remained by her side till 7 o'clock the next morning, little thinking on then parting with her, that already a day had dawned on her which should be followed by no shades of even; that with her a sabbath had begun, which would melt

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away into an eternal sabbath of glory. The hour drew nigh when the Lord was gently to touch the fetters which detained our beloved Mary from her home in heaven; to loosen the chains of her imprisonment, and to let the captive go free. In the afternoon she became so much worse, and her breathing so difficult, that her watching mother feared that she would die before her papa returned from chapel; but it was ordained otherwise. Mary said, "My hour is not yet come: mine is such a lingering disease; have you any idea, mamma, how long I shall live?" "Mr. B——, my love, has thought for several days that your end is very near." "Oh! how delightful!" was her reply. About four o'clock, her friend E——r called to see her, to whom she said faintly, "I am sorry that I am not gone." E——r mentioned to her the joy of being so near to heaven, but she could do no more than say, "Yes," in reply. At five o'clock, Mrs. Lincolne took tea in her room, as was her general custom, and, during the repast, sat at the foot of the bed. Mary several times looked at her expressively with her own peculiarly sweet smile, and a gentle inclination of the head, as if to say, "*Dear* mamma;" but her strength was not sufficient for more. In about half an hour, as the older members of the family were surrounding her couch, she made a sign to be laid down, for hitherto she had been sitting up, supported by pillows, and she began to suffer dreadfully from acute pain and great difficulty of breathing. Once she lifted up her arms, which fell back again through

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helplessness, and raising her eyes, faintly whispered, "O take me to heaven!" This was indeed a moment never to be forgotten by those who were standing round the bed of the departing saint. There is an untold seriousness of feeling connected with the approach of death, and there is a painful struggle, diminished doubtless by the power of faith, in the minds of those who view one tenderly beloved, engaging in actual encounter with the last enemy. And when it is remembered that the endeared object of their solicitude is arrived at that period, the most solemn in the span of time, and will, in a few minutes, gaze on the glories of an unseen and eternal world, while to *them* nothing will remain but inanimate clay, to be returned to the dust whence it sprang, no wonder that their affections cling with redoubled ardour to that beloved friend from whom they will so soon be parted by the waters of Jordan. Still the sight of a believer in Jesus wrestling in the last dread conflict, must prompt to ardent prayer, that the suffering may soon be over, and the waiting spirit released from its prison of sin and mortality. So it was with the friends of our departing Mary. They poured forth fervent supplications that the struggle of the dying saint might be shortened, and that Jesus would send his angels to carry her away at once to Abraham's bosom. Their prayer was answered. The expression of her countenance, which had been indicative of intense suffering, completely changed—it was that of a young saint just entering into glory; the oppression

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on her chest was removed; she breathed with calmness and composure, and, in a few moments, fell asleep on the bosom of her Saviour. Her dismissal was the easiest that can be imagined; without a sigh she passed over from earth to heaven, and "entered into the joy of her Lord." Her dear mamma closed those eyes, which had already awakened to gaze upon "the chief among ten thousand;" and, pressing with her lips the cold cheek of death, said, "Good-bye, my sweet Mary."

Oh! if the presence of Christ is needed to uphold the trembling spirit in the solemn hour of mortality, even when the portals of celestial blessedness allure to the passage of the stream; surely the consolations of his love are no less necessary to the support of those, who accompany a loved and cherished companion to the brink of the waters, while the one embarks for the shores of Canaan, and the others are left to linger in a world of death. Is it not *these* who die? The emancipated spirit rejoices to leave its trammels of corruption, weakness, and sin. But to those who are thus called upon to suffer the greatest of all losses, the gospel of the Son of God presents a prospect well calculated to repress every sentiment of sadness. Cheered by the sacred truths revealed in the word of an unchangeable Jehovah, they cannot mourn for "the dead in Christ," as "those that have no hope," for they hear "a voice from heaven, saying, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;" and it soothes their sorrows to know, that "those who

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sleep in Jesus, will the Lord bring with him." And as for *themselves*, they rest assured that ere long their Father will put them in possession of that eternal inheritance which he has promised, and that, at the time which his wisdom and love direct, they too shall be united to "the general assembly and church of the first-born," who stand before the throne of his glory, and, in common with the objects of their Christian affection, enjoy that rest which "remaineth for the people of God."

On the Friday previous to our dear Mary's dismission, she was visited by a neighbouring minister, who, on the day that the intelligence of her death reached him, wrote an interesting account of his interview with her, and has kindly permitted its insertion here.

"June 14th, 1837. This evening I have heard of an instance of mortality which has deeply affected my feelings. M—— L——, a young lady, who, for several months, was sinking under a decline, received last Lord's day her dismission from this state of suffering. Previously to her illness she visited this town, and as she took up her abode at the house in which I am residing, I had opportunity for forming some acquaintance with her. Her manners were exceedingly pleasing; her mental character was marked by sensibility and intelligence; her natural temper was amiable; while it was evident that her heart was deeply imbued with principles of piety, and that the endowments of nature were hallowed by the influence of Divine grace.

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"After she left this place and during her long illness I saw nothing of her, till last Friday, when I called at the house of her parents, where I learned that the time of her dissolution appeared to be very near. It being told her that I was in the house, she expressed a desire to see me. Her father informed me that a few days before, while he was reading to her the 12th chapter of Isaiah, she spoke with pleasure of a sermon she heard me preach on the 3rd verse of that chapter. Encouraged by this communication, I very readily complied with her desire. As I approached the room where she lay, the door was open, and I caught a distant view of her countenance. It was pale and wasted, but betokened the most serene resignation. I drew near to her bed-side, but found she was unable to speak above the slightest whisper. After a little while, I said, I hope you feel that the Lord has dealt tenderly and compassionately with you during this affliction. In a tone scarcely audible, but indicative of the most entire approbation of the Divine will, she replied, 'Perfectly so.' Referring to her visit to S——, I remarked how the change in her circumstances from what they were when she left that place, showed the uncertainty of human affairs. She took no notice of this remark, but simply assured me of the pleasure she had felt in attending the preaching at S. I spoke of the hope of the gospel, and inquired if she could say, 'I know in whom I have believed,' &c. I think I shall never forget the expressive gaze with which she fixed her beautiful eyes

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upon me, as she whispered, 'Yes.' To have heard that whisper, and to have received that look, I deem a privilege indeed. Having conversed a little longer with the interesting sufferer, and engaged in prayer, I left her, not wholly without a hope that I might see her again in this world. But that hope is denied. Her spirit has obtained its release, and I can only console myself with the reflection, that I had uttered some truths in the hearing of this youthful disciple, which it soothed her to think of in the near prospect of eternity. I desire to render thanks to the God of all grace, for this honour, and to bless his name for the resignation with which he enabled one so young to close her eyes on the present scene of things, and for the faith with which she realized the future. O precious faith! How transcendent is thy worth! thy power how victorious! Thou teachest the child of affliction to perceive rich mercy in the sufferings under which the vigour of youth has withered like the tender herb, and beauty's bloom has faded like the vernal flower. Sustained by thine elevating influence, the languishing invalid descends with a composed step into the valley of the shadow of death, and passes on through its darkness to a better land,

'Where everlasting spring abides.'"

We cannot dismiss the mention of the dying hour of our beloved Mary, without, for a moment, contrasting her situation with that of one, who, in the morn-

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ing of her days, is called to bid adieu to life, destitute of an interest in the only Redeemer of sinners, and of the joy-inspiring hope of heaven. Between these how infinitely great is the distinction in the eye of an omniscient Jehovah, and in the judgment of all holy intelligences! though worldly men, in the perversity of their ignorance, may either mark no apparent distinction, or even invest the latter with superior desirableness and beauty. It is true that the one has drunk more deeply of the cup of worldly joy, the inebriating draught of guilty pleasure;—she may have shared in the excitement of the dance, and mingled in the festivities of the ball-room;—she may have provoked the envy of her peers, and won the admiration of the rich and noble;—the music of renown may have touched her ear, and her young heart may have been intoxicated by its strains;—but what are these foolish vanities in that moment of solemnity, "when God taketh away the soul?" Will not these implant thorns in the dying pillow, and deepen the gloom which, already hovering around, is the forerunner of a darkness yet more desolate and awful? There is a mighty power in death; it removes the false glare of sinful delusion which enwraps the world; it sheds the light of eternity over the concerns of time; it touches the sinful delights of earth with its awful wand, which, like the spear of Ithuriel, brings them out, "discovered and surprised," in all their ghastliness and deformity; it tears aside the dim veil which man's

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foolishness has thrown over the forms of truth and reality; it discovers to the spirit what and where it is, and what and where it will shortly be.

Is there one now reading these pages, who is not prepared to die? By the worth of his soul which must live for ever, let him permit me to urge him seriously to mark the distinction between the youth who sinks into the arms of dissolution without hope in Christ, and the young believer dying in the Lord. In the case of the one, the flickering taper of life is extinguished in everlasting gloom; the shuddering spirit feels and seeks in vain for some guide amid the horrible darkness; and the hopes once fondly cherished, and the enjoyments once fondly pursued, are exchanged for the woe and the wailing of eternal destitution and despair. In the departing hour of the other, the light of celestial blessedness overpowers the shadowy passage of the grave; the damps of death are wiped away by the hand of Jesus; and the soul, suddenly bursting forth to life, conscious of powers and energies heretofore unknown, is ushered into the excellent glory of the Divine presence, to drink its fill of bliss from the streams of immortality.

There is but *one* alternative; no middle region stretches between the shores of heaven and hell. Reader! when thy days are numbered o'er, and time is no longer with thee; when earthly objects fade from thine eyes, bedimmed with the mists of the tomb, thy portion will be the one or the other—all unfading blessedness, or all enduring woe!

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The hour is hastening when the future shall become present, and the present shall melt away as though it ne'er had been. Oh! for a faith, which, laying firm hold on the Saviour, shall triumph over mortality, and enable us to say of death, "it is changed into a sleep, and that sleep is in the bosom of Christ, and there dwells all peace and security, and it shall pass forth into glories and felicities!"

Mary died on sabbath evening, June 11th, 1837, aged nineteen years and nearly five months; and, on the following Saturday, her remains were deposited in the tomb. Her friend, the Rev. Andrew Ritchie, at the request of her dear parents, conducted the service. This was the first interment that had yet occurred in the burying-ground belonging to the new chapel. Little did Mary think, when taking so much interest in the erection of this building, that she would be the first to rest in death beside its walls. Not only were her exertions during life strenuously put forth to aid the payment of its erection, but she desired that the contents of her purse, amounting to about fifteen pounds, should be appropriated to assist the liquidation of the debt. On the day of her funeral, the respect and interest shown by the inhabitants of the town, were affectingly gratifying to the bereaved friends. Scarcely a shop by which the procession passed, or a private house, remained with the shutters unclosed. The death of one so universally esteemed, produced no common impression; her illness had always excited much sympathy and attention, and may we not

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believe that the report of her heavenly tranquillity and patience brought a rich harvest of praise to God? On the following day, Sunday, June 18th, Mr. Dennant, her worthy and esteemed pastor, delivered a suitable discourse to a very large congregation from the words of her favourite text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

In reviewing the character of our departed friend, although already partially developed in the preceding pages, it may be useful to notice two or three of those prominent traits, which especially render her a lovely subject for youthful imitation. *Her brightest ornament was humility.* She knew too much to be proud of her knowledge; she bewailed too much her sinfulness to be proud of her sanctity. No wonder that one, who sat so constantly at the feet of her Saviour to hear his word, should learn of him to be "meek and lowly in heart." Happy would it be if those who are in the morning of life, were universally possessors of that gem which so much adorns the youthful character; and, in preparing garments wherewith to deck themselves, would act on the injunction of the apostle, and remember to be "clothed with humility." In proportion to the low thoughts we entertain of ourselves, will be the greatness of our estimation of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is as *self* is felt to be unworthy and helpless, that we realize the infinite preciousness of his atoning sacrifice. "A man's pride shall bring him low, but honour shall uphold the

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humble in spirit." "The Lord rejecteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."

An unceasing application to study marked the character of our dear Mary. Added to a natural thirst for the acquirement of knowledge, religion furnished her with a still stronger motive to its pursuit; and, from holy principle, she sought to improve those talents which she had laid at the foot of the cross. It would be well for the church, if *all* professing Christians held mental culture in the high estimation that it deserves; thus would men eminent for mere worldly wisdom be the more easily induced to seek "the wisdom that cometh from above," and the religion of Jesus would be magnified in the eyes of the world.

We might dwell on Mary's strong faith in God; on her meek resignation to his holy will; on her patience under the sufferings she received from his hand; on her anxiety for the salvation of others; on her warm and affectionate heart; and above all, on her ardent desire that in her the Divine glory might be promoted, whether living or dying; but lengthened remarks are needless on what has been already adduced. Her holy and consistent example has left to those who knew and loved her, a rich feast of meditation, when their silent thoughts seek wherewith to strengthen faith and add new wings to praise.

And now, beloved friend and sister, farewell! We have traced the steps of thine earthly pilgrimage. We have watched in thee the progress of grace from the seed to the ear, and till it was ripe for the heavenly

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garner. We have seen how thy Master led thee through the wilderness; that He "caused thee to pass under the rod, and brought thee into the bond of the covenant;" that, when weary, he sustained thee; that, when suffering, he gave thee patience; and that, when dying, he was thine all-sufficient Saviour. We have seen thee at the gate of heaven with glory in thine eye, but our weak footsteps can no longer attend thee; for we are still chained to our mortality, and we cannot yet soar where thou art. But we are assured that thou art happy, and, through the alone merits of the Redeemer, we trust ere long to join thee in bliss that shall never fade!

And thou, O Lord Jesus, who hast gathered to thy side another of the lambs of thine earthly pasture, give to us the like peace in our departing moments; grant us faith and hope, that we may behold with a steady eye our home in heaven, and rejoice, "with joy unspeakable," in the anticipation of the final and glorious results of thine eternal love! Amen, and Amen!

THE END.

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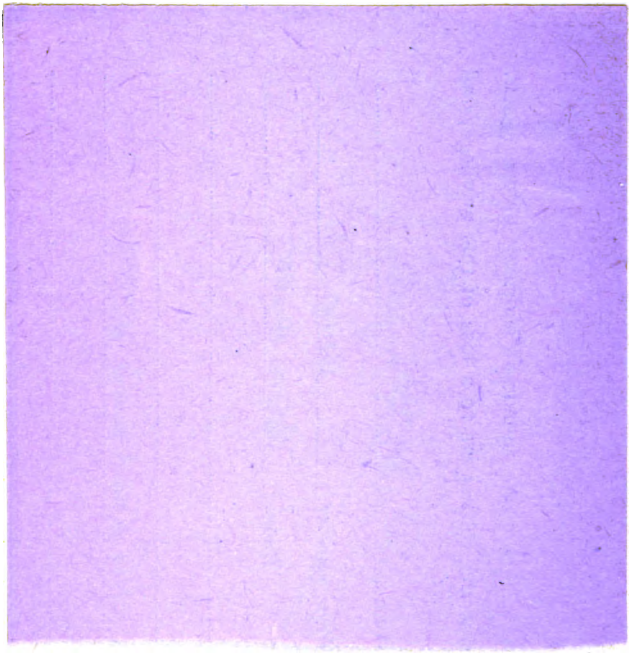

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